# The Saturday Evening Post

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### SPRING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARGARET HARP.

Spring has come and spring is going,
Buds are swelling, grapes are growing—
Skies are bright with sunbeams glancing,
Trees are swaying, waters dancing;
Winds are sighing, vapors shaking,
Insects all to life awaking;
Birds are singing, bees are humming,
Spring is here, and summer's coming.

Lambs are frisking, cattle feeding,
Ponies prancing round unheeding;
Hunters from their camp-fires straying,
Children going out a-Maying,
Farmers ploughing—by which token
Winter's icy chain is broken;
Earth is bright and skies are glowing,
Spring has come and spring is going.

## CUT ADRIFT:

OR,

## The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### A DAY OF REST.

Mrs. Walsingham soon understood that her legal affairs were very easy of adjustment. Indeed, now that matters had reached a crisis, Mr. Colby found himself quite the hero of the passing hour. Friends poured in upon him with condolence, and though these could not replace the lost money, still they were pleasant to receive.

When the necessary legal formalities were gone through with, the original sum was found largely increased. Mr. Walsingham had allowed his trustee a liberal salary for the supervision of the property, and by dint of that, with a fortunate speculation or two, Mr. Colby handed over the amount with clean hands. But he was penniless.

"I think we ought to do something for him, mamma," Dora said kindly. "Seventy-five thousand dollars seems a large sum for me to have, and then the twelve thousand besides. Why, I feel as rich as a queen."

"It does come hard upon the poor man, and yet it was never his, Dora. It was the merest honesty to be true to his trust, but his family are said to be very interesting. One daughter is soon to be married."

"Tell me about her, mamma."

Dora was lying on the sofa, and though her face was bright, it still wore a peculiar delicacy and languor.

Mrs. Walsingham repeated the little romance of Isabel and her lover. "They are to be married very quietly and go to Europe. Stacy is quite enthusiastic about her, for when she first heard of the loss she proposed to give up her marriage and devote her time to her younger brothers and sisters."

"That was very noble." Dora's eyes kindled.

"I am glad her lover would not listen to it. You wouldn't believe, my dear, what a delight I take in love affairs, but I always want them to end like a story. There are trials enough afterward."

Dora flushed. "Tell me of the others," she said.

"There's another daughter, Lenore, almost grown, and two boys, then a charming little sprite, Nelly by name. Mrs. Colby is very lady-like and refined, perhaps a trifle haughty."

Mrs. Walsingham had been winning golden opinions on every hand. She was so winsome and gracious, and her vivacious manner corresponded so exactly with the fair, eager face, that would have a long holiday before growing old. Among the chances and changes the remembrance of her early married life had been entirely forgotten, and most of that abroad was locked securely in her own and her son's heart, who reverenced her for the hard struggle they did not care to have the world know. For it was over now, and they had chanced upon gala days.

She had taken a small, tastefully furnished house, and when the three had once settled there, you would have thought it an affair of years rather than days. Everything was so cosy and charming. The old French domestic fell into her groove as if she had been born there, but only tender mother fingers were allowed to minister to Dora.

She and Stacy were longer in becoming friends. Having grown up in seclusion, it was difficult for her to realize the possession of a brother, but his devotion to their mother would have won her heart, if he had failed to find a path to it.

And now Dora was casting about in her mind to discover some plan whereby she might benefit these children whom it seemed they had unwittingly wronged.

"Mamma," she said presently, "I've just thought of a pleasant surprise for these two girls, Lenore and Nelly. Their father will be poor now, and they will miss many luxuries, besides giving up their elegant house.


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"MY GENEROUS CHILD!" MRS. WALSINGHAM EXCLAIMED.

And so I mean to bestow upon them a small portion out of my abundance."

"Dora!"

"Yes. Five thousand will not be much to be sure, but I hardly think that I spent the interest of that yearly when I lived with uncle Gilbert. It may serve to dress them, and give them a wedding outfit if they too should have a fond young lover."

"But ten thousand, Dora?"

"Well, I have twelve thousand that would not have come to me if I had not been considered Gilbert Verner's niece. I have a feeling that I shall be happier when that is spent."

"And you may some day be called to an account for spending it."

"No, mamma."

There was a perceptible sadness in Dora's tone.

"But, my dear child, I *do* dream of seeing you happy some day."

"With you only," and Dora leaned her face upon her hand. "It was hard for me to give up all hope, but I learned to trust God at last."

"Then your Mr. Tremaine is a hard, cruel man, Dora, and that is what your good friend Catherine declares him to be. I believe any tender, generous person would forgive."

"I have never asked him, mamma, please don't forget that. I wish now that I had gone on that first fateful day and told him the whole truth. But I seemed so afraid of Jasper Cameron. And being deceived is the one thing that he cannot bear. I feel that he was hard, too, but I know what a great provocation he had. And then—I had never loved him half enough before. A dark phantom always stood between me and perfect trust. Now he is gone."

"Foolish child! He will return."

"Not to me, mamma dearest," with a tender little sigh. "If he knew all, even the angry and unjust version Jasper Cameron might have given, and did not come, every hope is gone. And then I hate the public scandal of a divorce, where every act of your life is dragged to light. I have accepted my fate."

But Mrs. Walsingham was far from being satisfied. In their arguments Dora always overruled her in that sweet, submissive way, so hard to controvert.

A few hours later Stacy sat beside her, while their mother was busy with some housekeeping details. He had been amusing her with telling of their odd German home while he was studying, his mother being the presiding genius, and the bits of dainty economy she used to practice.

"Dear mamma! Stacy, I've had a generous fit to-day."

He laughed and looked at her with inquiring eyes.

"My fortune seems so large. And by the terms of the will, you know mamma was not considered an heir. I was thinking if we each gave her one-third of ours—"

"Dora, mine is all at her disposal."

"But that is not quite what I mean. I want this sum, fifty thousand dollars, to be settled upon her, so she will feel free to do as she likes with it. We shall have sufficient left, and we are of age—our own masters."

"My dear Dora, I would do more than that to please you. And perhaps it would be more pleasant for her to have a separate portion, though we have had one purse so long that the idea appears odd to me. I am not going to sink down into selfish ease, Dora. I have youth, health and ambition, and I owe it to her that I have no vicious nor indolent habits. She guarded all my years so carefully."

Dora felt like crying. Why was she shut out of that life? Why did she not have a mother's love? Always adrift on the sea of fate, why had this been her bitter lot?

She was impatient to have the division made, and Mr. Eastman arranged it for them, as also Dora's smaller matter which had given her so much pleasure.

"My generous child!" Mrs. Walsingham exclaimed, much moved, "I shall protest against this hasty disposition of your fortune. You will soon be reduced to poverty if these freaks are ordinary indulgences."

"I mean to stop now, mamma, or go into some of those extraordinary speculations that Mr. Eastman mentioned;" and Dora laughed gayly.

Her name had been kept so entirely out of the matter, except in a few instances where it had been absolutely necessary, that the world knew her only as Dora Walsingham, and had not seen her at all. Her morbid fear of publicity led her to shrink from strangers.

"It is best not to annoy her at present;" Mr. Eastman had said to her mother. "When she gets used to her position she will feel differently; and somehow I don't quite despair of Tremaine."

This had been a great comfort to Mrs. Walsingham, who tried now by every care and attention to make amends for what looked so like neglect in the past. And yet it had not been. How many times during those early struggles she had thanked God that her little daughter was in good hands, and removed from the temptations of such a life as hers. With her own mother she must have been left much to the care of servants; but Mrs. Denver could exercise a constant supervision. It was that lady's misfortune that her spiritualized letters were hardly true exponents of herself. Not that she meant to be insincere—but she was led astray in some respects by her narrow views.

Yet the little household of three were very happy in each other's love. Dora's nature was a grateful one, and when she added her mite to the general fund, it looked so like cheerful content, that it hardly seemed as if she could have suffered so deeply.

The change to the Colby's was a nine day's wonder and then subsided. Mrs. Colby would fain have kept her house, forming many impossible plans for economical management—but when her husband's income might not exceed the rent of such a place, she very unwillingly relinquished her dreams. After Isabel's marriage, the grand mansion was despoiled of its familiar belongings, and they retired to a much more quiet sphere. Yet it must be admitted that Mr. Colby stood higher with sterling business men than if he had resorted to dishonest expedients to preserve his social position. And though circumstances in connection with a strand of weakness in his own character had kept him from rushing into Jasper Cameron's villainous schemes, he plumed himself now upon his strict integrity, and really believed that he would not have finally consented.

More than one effort had been made to find Mrs. Cameron, but without success. Her nephew had so worked upon her fears by an exaggerated confession of the failure of their schemes, that she was led into promising anything for safety. He took possession of the important papers, and in spite of her entreaties, left her, without the slightest clue as to his destination.

Her love for this child had been the one passion of her solitary life. Having none of her own, she had spent her early days in efforts for his education. He had grown up the possessor of a certain dangerous beauty, and hosts of dangerous vices—yet she, poor woman, had been blind to the latter. During the last year of Mr. Walsingham's life, she had filled the position of nurse and housekeeper, and so became familiar with the provisions of the old man's will, which had no special interest for her just then. Years afterward she learned, or fancied that she had, the secret of Dora's birth, when the idea entered her mind of marrying her to Jasper. It was not a bad speculation the young man thought, but Dora was too immature to awake any interest for herself. He married her expecting to gain control of the fortune with little difficulty, when he announced the fact triumphantly to Mrs. Denver, keeping the secret of the fortune to himself, but declaring that he knew Dora to be the grandchild of Giles Walsingham.

Mrs. Denver remembered well the bitter enmity between Dora's mother and Giles Walsingham, and also her own oath that she would never divulge Dora's parentage. Besides, she was filled with rage at the thought of Dora's imprudent marriage. That Mr. Walsingham was dead, and Dora's relation to him of the slightest importance, never once occurred to her.

In her anger, she dared Jasper Cameron to take any step. Where was his proof. "Bring Giles Walsingham here," she said, "and I will swear that Dora is my own child! If you married her, thinking it might ever prove a benefit to you, you were a fool for your pains."

Indeed, Jasper thought so when he came to take a cool survey of the case. His aunt's suspicions hung on so slight a thread that even the most astute lawyer could make nothing of them. So he cursed the luck, denounced his aunt for a prying, suspicious old fool, and kept his word to Dora, which had been merely an invention at the time. If he had cared for her, if her love had even amused him, he might not have proved quite so heartless.

After he was gone beyond recall, the proofs fell into Mrs. Cameron's hands, by the death of Mrs. Denver. So she hoarded them for her dearly loved Jasper. Then came the tidings of the wreck and his death, but she held to a strange, desperate faith in his still being alive. If she could gain possession of Dora and keep her for Jasper!

She might have told the truth to Gilbert Verner, but his treatment so exasperated her that she kept her secret for revenge. She brooded over it in her solitary home until she actually began to count the days for Jasper's return. There was something absolutely touching in this more than mother's love. She had taken several old ladies to board who had become trials to their families, and every penny of her earnings was scrupulously saved. Some day he would come back—the handsome gentleman that he always was!

After seven years of adventure he *had* returned. Instead of being softened by the devotion of the silly old idiot as he called her, he had taken her money and fallen in with her plans at once. After his first interview with Colby he had no further doubt. It was to his advantage to make it appear that there were no other heirs. When he found that he had succeeded in alarming the lawyer, he meant if possible to compromise in some manner and take a part of the fortune without Dora.

Mr. Colby had *not* the courage to bring the matter to a straightforward issue, but he did hope by throwing himself upon Dora's pity and espousing her cause, to make a better bargain for himself, and still preserve his good name. Cameron had frustrated this in the very beginning, and Colby had weakly fallen into the toils when a man of more honor would have rescued both himself and Mrs. Tremaine.

But through all their scheming there had been an undercurrent little suspected by either. At the advent of Mrs. Walsingham, Colby had yielded to instant despair, and thought only how he could best extricate himself, for there was no longer any fortune to save.

When Jasper Cameron took a survey of the ruins, he laughed with his usual indifference. He had made a thousand dollars out of Colby, and another thousand out of the Walsinghams. He tried to gain an interview with Dora, but these plans being frustrated, his fertile brain turned to others. For the present nothing could be done. Mr. Tremaine was away, and it seemed hardly likely that Dora would commence immediate proceedings for a legal separation from him. It would give her a public prominence to which she did not aspire, and connect her with the romantic story of the fortune.

But presently, when the matter had died away, and he disappeared, as they no doubt charitably hoped he would, Mr. Eastman would undertake the case in a quiet way. If at this auspicious moment he could pounce down upon Dora, probably she would be willing to pay him handsomely for his silence. Especially if by this time there had been some explanation between herself and Mr. Tremaine, as these misunderstandings rarely lasted a life time.

Mr. Cameron was not wanting in resources, and he fancied now that a trip westward might prove beneficial. He did not wish his real character to become too well known in New York before his final denouement. He certainly bore his reverses with much philosophy.

And so the world went on its olden way, buying and selling, marrying and being given in marriage, little tragedies on every hand making scarce a ripple on the broad surface. But Dora, looking from her window on the throngs below, seemed to have no part nor lot in the matter. A quiet life was hers to be henceforth, and if the day should come when an added charm rendered it more endurable, she would thank God for His mercy. That was all the hope of her future.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### JASPER CAMERON'S LAST STAKE.

It was a frosty October night, with a keen, clear air. There was a cheerful grate fire burning in the library at Woodlea, but the curtains were not drawn. Edith Merrivour thought the light shining out on the lawn would look pleasant to the homeward bound traveller whom they had been expecting for the last hour. She was seated at the centre-table with a basket of soft wools at her side, the brightest admissable color being purple, but that formed a pleasing contrast to the slender white fingers. Instead of the usual crape collar her dress was relieved at the throat by a fold or two of tulle that was all softness and grace.

Her seat there might have been mere accident, but to the man coming up the path, she as well as the light was a grateful vision. The beautiful face in profile, the dainty fingers threading their way through the mazes of crocheting, and now the eyes raised in anxious thought that made his pulse beat more quickly for an instant.

She came to the door herself. "Oh Ralph!" she exclaimed, and there was a world of welcome relief in the tone. It said that she had missed him and was more than glad to have him back. How pleasant it was to be the object of some one's care. And then Aunt Lester with her motherly kisses, her smiles and tears.

"How well you are looking, Ralph," Edith said.

His six weeks' absence had indeed worked wonders. Dora would have pronounced him handsome in an ecstacy of delight. For he was no longer gray and thin, the furrows in his brow and lines in his cheeks had filled out, and a fresh, healthy color taken the place of the sallowness. Change, activity, and work instead of corroding thoughts had wrought the alteration. And somehow he could not help feeling in better heart and spirits than two months ago.

"And what is the news?" he asked cheerfully as he dropped in his arm-chair beside the fire. Everything about looked so snug and cosy, a little vase here and there with a few flowers or geranium leaves, the magazines and papers, and Aunt Lester with her easy indolence—a pretty enough picture of home.

"Oh, don't ask us for news," and Edith laughed musically. "We have turned regular hermits, mamma and I. Why, we have not been to the city in three weeks, I think."

"And were you not lonesome?"

"We missed *you*. But for the rest, the world and all that—when you have been kept year after year upon the treadmill, you learn to love the quiet sanctity of home."

She spoke truly. The only woman in the world to be envied would be the presiding genius of this sweet home—Ralph Tremaine's happy wife!

"And the servants?"

"Mrs. Maybin is certainly perfection! We have been delightfully comfortable, Ralph."

"I am so glad." Then he gave a long gaze into the fire.

Mrs. Lester began to question him concerning his own trip, and if it had been successful.

"Unusually so," he said, "and very pleasant."

Then the dinner bell rang.

Mrs. Maybin received her master with stately courtesy. There seemed no break anywhere, no sense of loss. It startled him that the void should have been filled up so soon.

A chatty, enjoyable meal, with much lin-

gering over the dessert; Mrs. Lester's spirits rising as she saw her nephew so well content. Now and then she strayed into old times, or a careless word brought a vision before Edith that warmed the blood in her smooth cheek.

"Did you keep the old papers?" he asked when they returned to the library.

Yes. Edith had saved them all. She brought them from a deep drawer in the book case.

"Newspapers always seem a connecting link between you and the world," he said, as he began to glance them over. Trials, criminal proceedings, and arrest—he could not tell why he should haunt these columns, keeping up the while a desultory conversation with his cousin. A few failures of acquaintances, some changes in the political sky; but on the whole the world had wagged as usual. Not a word of *her*, neither by land nor sea.

Mrs. Lester nodded in her chair—indeed, slept so soundly presently, that she gave a little purring snore, that startled her daughter's fine ear.

"No, don't disturb her!" Ralph reached out his hand and barred Edith in her attempt to rise, and both smiled. "See how comfortable she looks! Edith, did you ever think that a mother was necessary to make a home complete? I have, often;" and his eyes drooped fireward.

"Dear mamma! She is so contented."

"I have half a mind to bargain for her—that if you go away, you shall leave her here!"

"Ralph, I think we have been trespassers on your hospitality a long while."

"I asked you to come. I am glad to have you here. Somehow I could not bear to close the house—and to live in it alone—"

"Have you never heard—"

Edith asked the question under her breath, and paused, startled at her own temerity.

"I ought to have told you before I went away, but my heart was so sad and sore—that she—decided to live with Jasper Cameron. I never liked the man, and could hardly resolve whether he came to me so frankly out of revenge, or from some latent feeling of honor. But he was always her messenger."

"You saw her, though?"

"Only once. At times, I think it might have been very different if she had come to me earlier, or I had gone to her. Perhaps I was too proud. I wanted her to love me so much better than him, that she would fly to me at once—trust to my love and mercy. And then the remembrance of being deceived *did* rankle in my heart. I may have been cold, or too exacting. God forgive me, for my heart was torn with anguish. He knows best."

"Ralph," Edith said, with unconscious admiration, "if all men were as generous as you!"

"I don't deserve the praise. I think I would have taken her back any time—because I needed her, because I loved her so much."

"She *did* care for him, it seems." There was a feeling of triumph and satisfaction in Edith's heart.

"Yes;" in a sad, dreamy fashion. "And so she is as one buried out of sight. But I like pleasant home associations; and when you tire of the sameness and grave air the old house must always carry, you'll leave your mother here to comfort me?"

"I shall never tire of it. Oh, Ralph, when I think of that long, dreary servitude, do you wonder that I shrink from the idea of another master—for tender and generous men are rare!"

Her deep eyes were swimming in tears. How very, very lovely she looked! Once she might have been his!

He did not follow out the train of thought, but simply said, in his grave fashion—

"Then I shall keep you both."

And Edith, feeling that delicacy forbade any warmer demonstration, was quite content.

For the next ten days Mr. Tremaine found himself much engrossed by the cares of business. No tidings of Dora or Cameron reached him—and yet it seemed as if he was in momentary expectation of something. Would he never get over the impression? When he was a little more at leisure he would go to Catherine Dawson for the particulars of the sad story, or rather when he could bear to hear of Dora's love for another.

At this juncture urgent business summoned him to St. Louis. A branch house in that city was reported to be in a very critical condition, owing to some fraudulent dealings.

"It's too bad!" Mrs. Lester moaned, "and just as we were all feeling so comfortable and happy!"

"You'll soon have me back!" he exclaimed, with a grateful smile for her regard.

The case was quite a complicated one, involving some loss at the best—but Mr. Tremaine went at it with his cool, well-trained business faculties, and soon made himself master of the situation. Speculation and living beyond his means, had made a scoundrel of one who, a few years before, had been a most promising man. Tremaine felt sick at each new development.

Having lingered over the details longer than usual one evening, instead of going directly to his hotel, he turned into a quiet street for a walk. It was not strange that his thoughts should revert to his own home, and the faces that watched by his fireside. Edith in her proud, but tender beauty, her soft tones and refined ways—well, she was young, and would doubtless marry again, it would be a shame to keep such loveliness moped up at quiet Woodlea.

Something startled him—a kind of scuffling and half-suppressed oaths. In the shadow of this doorway were two figures—and just as he reached them he saw an upraised gleaming steel, and heard a wild cry, followed by a horrible imprecation. The wounded man fell heavily, while his assailant sped by like a flash; and ere Tremaine had summoned sufficient presence of mind to give an alarm, was out of sight.

He raised the wounded man and glanced at him by the glimmer of the nearest lamp. A ghastly face, distorted with rage and pain, and yet strangely familiar. Where had he seen it?

A crowd poured out of the room above—a second or third rate gambling den. An instant confusion of tongues, a dozen officious hands, and fifty eager questions. Tremaine stood still, aghast. For surely that face growing into a dead, frightful composure, was Jasper Cameron's!

He followed the men up-stairs, while an officer, just arrived, commanded silence and began to make inquiries. Tremaine told his story, and some one was despatched for the murderer—for the man had breathed his last.

Of Cameron they all appeared to know very little indeed. He had frequented the place for the last fortnight, playing quite heavily, and invariably winning. The evening before, there had been a violent altercation between him and his opponent, a well-known gambler, who had openly accused Cameron of cheating. Yet they had met again and played together with the same result. Seldon had uttered no threats, but left a moment after his adversary, and this had been the result.

Tremaine stayed until after midnight. The dead body had been searched, and more than one evidence of his nefarious practices found, beside a considerable sum of money, and a packet of papers very securely sealed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have met this man in New York. Any private papers that he may have about him, should be delivered to his wife, I think. If you please, I will be responsible for their safe keeping and return.

No one could guess what it cost Tremaine to say that. Dora's husband! The man with whom she had chosen to link her fate.

Further than his few personal interviews with the deceased, Tremaine could give them no information. The inquest was appointed for the ensuing day, and the party dispersed.

Ralph Tremaine's first business the next morning was to discover Cameron's place of abode, and if possible, Dora. He shrank from seeing her, but it seemed doubly cruel to desert her in this hour of need. He found Cameron's name entered at a first-class hotel, but no wife? Had she been already condemned to obscurity?

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of murder. Selden was still at large. It was known that he was in the habit of carrying a sword-cane, and the two wounds had evidently been given with such a weapon. The body of the dead man was turned over to his friends, if, indeed, there were any, and efforts to capture the murderer redoubled.

Tremaine gave orders for a quiet burial. He would see that his enemy lacked nothing—for Dora's sake. The papers being found to relate merely to personal matters, were delivered into his custody.

He perused them, thinking to find some trace of Dora, a very curious one it was, that he could not understand at all; a long, closely written letter, containing the history of a child, and its mother's address, a foreign one with an assumed name. There was also the copy of a marriage certificate between Eleanor Dupres and Giles Walsingham, a birth record of Dora Walsingham, child of the above parties, the address of Mildred Cameron in New York, and copy of a deposition sworn to by her concerning the child.

It seemed to him that he had heard or read of a fortune claimed some time before by certain heirs named Walsingham. This letter was addressed to Gilbert Verner, and the child was *not* his sister's. Dora, fated always to be enveloped in some mystery. Did she know of this?

He was not a man to puzzle or conjecture, he had no taste for plunging into secrets, or arranging difficult details from a slight clue. He could make nothing much out of the papers, neither could he remember the story he had heard, so he hurried his business into shape and left for New York at the earliest possible moment.

He had no desire to look in upon Edith and her mother first of all. The hours seemed interminably long until he could set to work and reach some fact that would aid him to unravel the whole. And most of all a desperate fear for Dora's safety and comfort nearly drove him wild. What if she were ill, neglected and suffering? Oh, why had he resigned her to the care of this plausible, treacherous villain? Why had he not insisted upon hearing the truth from her own lips? Now he could see his mistakes, his blindness and failures. What if she *had* deceived him about her marriage?—he felt now as he had that first night, that she could explain it all in a dozen words were he to see her.

He went stumbling about through the ill lighted streets, not heeding the cold and cloudy November evening, with a mist that penetrated like a storm. Mrs. Mildred Cameron. At last he found her, and was ushered into the chilly parlor.

"Have you any connection by the name of Jasper Cameron?" he asked abruptly, before he was seated. And then he glanced at her worn and anxious face—what if she were *his* mother!

The woman coughed and hesitated. "Jasper Cameron," she said slowly. "What might you want of him?"

"Nothing of him. And if any one cared for him, if he was dear to any person—I bring the last tidings he or she will ever hear—for Jasper Cameron is dead."

She staggered back to the wall with a cry. "No, you don't mean it!" she moaned. "My Jasper! My brave, handsome boy! No mother could have loved him better than I, but he was mine, mine!"

It was pitiful to see the poor creature wring her hands and ramble from one unintelligible sentence to another. Tremaine tried to soothe her and lead her to reason, and more than once almost despaired.

"Do you know anything about his—wife?" he asked at length, halting a little at the word.

"Do I? The base, heartless creature! For, when he would have brought her into a fortune she turned her back upon him and went off with her grand relatives. But he had his revenge! Madame will never know that he poisoned her husband's mind and made him believe that she had gone to live with him. Yes, he had his revenge!"

Ralph Tremaine was utterly astounded for a moment. And then a strange, bewildering rush of joy, that half strangled him! Yet where was Dora to be found? His own true-hearted Dora!

The old woman maundered on, her brain and story alike confused with passionate bursts of grief. And Tremaine from the tangled mass gathered a few facts. That Dora was not Mrs. Denver's child, not Gilbert Verner's niece, that her marriage had been a subject of speculation with Jasper Cameron and his unprincipled aunt, that she had kept certain papers very securely, but they had not brought her boy to good fortune. She denounced Dora in unmeasured terms, and yet it was highest praise to her husband's ears; and Mr. Colby came in for a share of vindictive anger.

"Colby." He knew something of the man. Why he had in some way been connected with this Walsingham fortune! Perhaps it would be better to apply to him?

He said nothing about the papers, but delivered to her the money that had been found on her nephew's body. Then he proposed to depart, for it was growing late.

"You'll come again and tell me about him, my poor dear Jasper!" she said brokenly. "And perhaps I'll remember more of the story—how they all wronged him, and *she* most of all. For *he* was her lawful, wedded husband, and not the other. My mind doesn't seem clear to-night, and I'm a lonely old woman!"

He did pity her sincerely. Suffering always touched his heart, and this feeble, trembling creature seemed so broken by the shock. Ah, Jasper Cameron! if you had spent your life in ministering to her, and she had sinned less for you, both accounts would have been fairer at the judgment day.

Tremaine took lodgings at a hotel for the remainder of the night; but though he was weary, he could not sleep. Would another day see the matter explained? But why Dora had not made one appeal to him all this time, was a profound mystery.

If you could have seen his vigil, fair Edith, on your downy pillow, your dreams would have been less sweet. For already in fancy, *you* reign mistress over this pleasant home.

But he has well-nigh forgotten that there is anything to forgive before he takes the wife he loves back to his heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Malayan Pirates.

Dr. L. B. Lane, who is now travelling in Siam and the East, furnishes the Ohio Farmer with some interesting sketches of the country and the people. He had been working up the Straits of Banka, for about two weeks, against wind and tide, at the rate of six or eight miles in twenty-four hours, and listening to the stories of the sailors about whole crews being captured and tied in a row by the neck to an anchor chain, and all thrown overboard, and to the details of other deeds of cruelty by a people who "would as soon kill a man as take a chaw of tobacco," when the following incident occurred:—

The moon was at its full, at least it was shining brightly. The captain, his wife, the first mate, and all the passengers were on the quarter deck enjoying the cool of the evening. It seemed as light as day. The moon here shines with wonderful brilliancy. I could see far up and down the straits, and little objects at quite a distance off as they floated down the current.

We had been lying at anchor all day and still the breeze was coming dead-ahead.

While we were sitting there chatting about one thing and another, the second mate came aft and talked a few moments with Deal. When he was gone, Deal said to the captain: "The man on the lookout says there is a mighty suspicious looking craft up stream. Says it has been there all day, and evidently is watching us closely, that it is full of men and looks like a Malay pirate *prahu*. Said it had once or twice during the day raised anchor and floated down nearer to us." The captain was excited and said: "If she is going down she would not anchor at all, and if she is working up she would not be dropping back from her anchorage."

From this moment we were all on the lookout, anxious to know more about the matter. It was about 9 o'clock when it could be seen that she was moving and drifting down towards us. We had two small brass cannon mounted on the quarter deck, also a quantity of carbines, but unfortunately no ammunition. By mistake it had not been put on board.

It seemed certain that the watchman had given no false alarm, for the *prahu* was not more than half a mile off and coming in a line directly toward us.

The mate rallied the men on the forecastle with a show of arms, in the midst of whom was the cook beating a tattoo on the stove boiler. The ladies and children remained on the quarter deck, but the captain and gentlemen passengers stood on the main deck looking over the bulwark to see *what was to happen*.

The *prahu* simply floated for a while, but when within perhaps a quarter of a mile, by immense oars she was swung around and headed directly for us. Now all seemed certain. It was a moment of forgetfulness in dreadful suspense. We could see the armed barbarians all standing as if ready for an assault. Some men stationed at the grappling irons, ready to do their work. But when she came within perhaps ten rods of us the master spoke out sharply, on which several large oars were set to work. Her bow swayed to the right, and in a moment more she swept by our side so near that I could have leaped on to her deck, but no effort was made to fasten to us. Our empty cannon and mock soldiers had frightened them off.

As soon as they were fairly by, a fellow passenger laid his hand heavily on my shoulder, and with a laugh asked me what I was doing? I had in my hand an iron belaying pin which he said I held as if ready to tap the first head that should come over the bulwark. It might have been so, though I was unconscious of it at the time.

After the rascals had gone by they seemed to realize that they had been tricked, for they jabbered as if ready to have a fight among themselves. But we were safe. They could not correct their mistake, for the tide bore them on further and further until they were lost in the distance.

When things had quieted down I thought, "how quickly *non-resistant* principles escaped me, when it seemed that we were to be boarded by pirates." Yet I could but justify the act, and I justify it still.

To be krised, or piked, or perhaps tied with my family to an anchor chain, and sunk in the sea, was not to be done till after *some other things*.

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☞ A passionate and revengeful temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, and robs him of all that is great and noble in his nature.

☞ A West Texas millionaire farmer has fenced in a pasture of one hundred and thirty thousand acres.

☞ Young men who complain of uneven sidewalks, will find the walks considerably smoother if they return home at an earlier hour in the evening.

☞ Gold dust thrown into a person's eyes is said to be very blinding; but, at the same time, the peculiar sensation is pronounced far from unpleasant.

☞ A Scottish advocate, who in his broad Scotch pronounced the word water, watter, being asked in court by the chancellor if he spelled water with two t's replied, "No, my lord, but I spell manners with two n's."

☞ KNOWLEDGE.—If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1869.


## TERMS.


The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

**SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Address

**HENRY PETERSON & CO.,**
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.


NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

## THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

**Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.**
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

**The Red Court Farm.**
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

**A New Novelet**
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

**A Family Failing.**
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

### SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

In the case at New York, where a Mr. Mumler was prosecuted for obtaining money on false pretences, Judge Dowling declined to send the case to the Grand Jury, stating that however he might be morally convinced that there "may be fraud and deception practised by the prisoner," yet he did not feel justified in sending the complaint to the Grand Jury, since, in his opinion, the prosecution failed to make out their case.

The prosecution showed by accomplished experts, that these so-called spirit-photographs can readily be taken by ordinary mechanical and scientific means; but the difficulty of course was to show that the particular photographs in question were thus taken.

Our own opinion is decidedly in favor of leaving those who wish to have "spirit-photographs," at liberty to go and get them where they please. The present investigation has thrown much light on the subject; and now let those who believe they really can obtain the photographs of their spiritual friends, guardian angels, &c., go to Mr. Mumler, or other artists of the kind, and procure them.

Judge Edmunds avers, we see it stated, that he recently saw a spirit—in the daylight, too; and what he can see, others may photograph. For our part, we never saw anything of the kind—that is, outside of the flesh—and we shall not be apt to believe that such things are discernible by our mortal eyes, until we do. But we are perfectly willing to allow everybody else the same liberty of thought and action that we claim for ourselves. If this is, as we so often hear, a free country, it is just as well to have a little freedom in it. And Freedom, as we take it, consists:—

1. In the liberty of thinking as we please.

2. In the liberty of acting as we please, so long as we do not interfere with the liberties and rights of others.

THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN.—We have received from *James S. Earle & Sons*, 816 *Chestnut street*, the beautiful Chromo by Prang of this fine picture. It is destined to be the cherished ornament of multitudes of American homes, from the interest of the subject and the faithfulness of its representation. We have seen and admired the painting by Eastman Johnson as it deserves, but feel that for all home purposes the Chromo, which can be bought for twelve dollars, is almost as good as the costly original.

Eastman Johnson stands in the highest rank of American figure painters. "The Boyhood of Lincoln" is one of his masterpieces. It represents a young boy, coarsely clad in homespun clothes, and wearing cowhide boots, sitting reading a book by the light of a log-fire, at a big open fireplace, in a Western backwoods cabin; everything around him rude and poor—nothing, some would think, to encourage him to devote himself to study that he may rise above the sphere in which he has been placed; but on his face, as it is brought into bright relief by the glow of the flames on the hearth, one sees the energy and intelligence which betoken the future President of his country, and the idolized chief of a great party.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO: The Land of the Orang-Utan, and the Bird of Paradise. A narrative of travel, with studies of man and nature. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, author of "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

KATHLEEN. By the author of "Raymond's Heroine." Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MARK, THE MATCH BOY; OR, RICHARD HUNTER'S WARD. By HORATIO ALGER, JR., author of "Ragged Dick," etc. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., Philada.

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy, gathered Behind the Scenes in Richmond. By EDWARD A. POLLARD, author of "The Lost Cause," &c. This is the title of a work to be issued in a short time by the National Publishing Company of this city. It is to be sold only by subscription, and Agents are wanted.

HOW TO BATHE: A Family Guide for the Use of Water in Preserving Health and Treating Disease. By E. P. MILLER, M. D., author of "Vital Force," &c. Published by the American News Company, New York. A useful book on an important subject.

### Letter from Grace Greenwood.

Grace Greenwood publishes the following racy and characteristic letter in The Philadelphia Star:

EDITOR OF THE STAR.—Sir:—I find in your issue of yesterday the following paragraph:

"Dr. Lippincott (the husband of Grace Greenwood), a fourth-class clerk in the Post-Office Department, was an applicant for the position of General Superintendent in the Post-Office Department, but failed to get the appointment."

During the visit of Mr. Macready to this country, as he was travelling on a Western steamboat, he was pointed by a waggish clerk, to a rough backwoodsman, as Ole Bull, who was then giving concerts in the West. The great tragedian sat apart, on the deck, wrapped in poetic contemplation and insular dignity; but the tall Missourian strode immediately up to him, and with a startling slap on the shoulder, thus addressed him: "Hello, old hoss! Old Bull! whar's your fiddle?"

The stately actor turned upon him, and, with a "withering look," and in the most tragic tone, replied: "Sir, I am *not* a horse, neither am I a bull, neither have I a fiddle."

In like manner I have to reply that Mr. Lippincott of Philadelphia, "the husband of Grace Greenwood," is not a doctor; neither is he a "fourth-class clerk in the Post-Office Department;" neither has he been "an applicant for the position of General Superintendent of the Post-Office Department;" neither has he failed to get the appointment.

As for the excellent Dr. Lippincott, is it not enough that he should miss of the office to which he aspired, that you must divorce him from his lawful wife, a most estimable lady, and bestow him upon a stranger?

As for us, belonging to another branch of the Lippincott tree, we have applied for no office at Washington, though we have, I will confess, held ourselves open to the proffer of a first-class foreign mission. With slight solicitation we would consent to be a "looker-on in Vienna," though, perhaps, Madrid would be a better point, as our worldly possessions principally consist of certain dilapidated "Castles in Spain." That we missed of Paris was not, we feel assured, because our honored President loved Philadelphia less, but Galena more. *A. Curtin* has fallen upon our hopes of St. Petersburg, and if we mourn, it will not be Russian Sables. As for the Court of St. James, it seems "your *Molley* is the only wear."

I think I have some reason to complain of you editors for apparently classing me among the "bigamistic writers of the day," in assigning to me so many amiable consorts. If you would only vary the name occasionally there would be some relief in the variety; but *toujours* Lippincott.

The same disclaimer I now put forth for the benefit of Dr. Lippincott must apply to Mr. J. B. Lippincott, the great publisher, and to Gen. Lippincott, late doorkeeper of the Senate.

They are "all honorable men," doubtless, but they are not my husbands; and I hereby warn all persons against trusting me on their account. GRACE GREENWOOD.

*Washington, April 21st, 1869.*

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☞ An exchange, in speaking of the magical strains of a hand organ, says:—"When he played 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore paws."

☞ The Mexican Congress recognized Cuban independence by a vote of 100 to 12. The New York Times "don't see why the Mexicans should be so anxious to have Cuba severed from Spain, as the Mexicans have certainly made a frightful business of governing their own country since they severed it."

☞ An epitaph which is not an epitaph comes from a New Jersey friend, who says that in a graveyard in his vicinity there is a little head-stone on which is cut the words: "Child of Richard and Jane B.; *too young for name or age.*"

### Jokes of the Post-Office.

Probably whoever tends a post-office delivery, especially in a large office like that in this city, has as abundant opportunity to exercise the Christian graces as persons in almost any other employment. There is one curious old fellow who visits daily the Lewiston (Maine) post-office at a given hour, regular as clockwork, and asks the stereotyped question—

"Is there anything for me, to-day?"

And receives the stereotyped reply, "Nothing." To which the just as stereotyped rejoinder always follows—

"I don't see what on airth they're thinken off!" This remark is made at the post-office delivery three hundred and eleven times a year—twice in a twelvemonth he may get a letter.

A few days ago a rough, burly fellow approached the delivery, and ejaculating an oath, demanded—

"I want that letter, now!"

"What letter?"

"Why the letter of mine that is advertised. I've been here every day for two weeks for it, and couldn't get it."

"But what's your name?"

The burly individual gave it, and the clerk searched in vain—no letter such as was wanted could be found.

"I'll be dumbfounded, if I'll leave this spot till you give me that letter," retorted the man. "I know it's here, and if you don't give it to me, I'll have it out of your hide."

Things began to look very squally. The clerk tried to reason with him.

"Your letter isn't here; I've looked in every place where it possibly could be, and it can't be here. You must be mistaken."

"But," continued the man, interjecting an oath, "it is here, and isn't it advertised? I saw my name just outside here, and no mistake about it."

"Let me see your name," rejoined the clerk, coming out where the man was. The confident searcher led the post-office official to the locality, where he pointed out to him a document, and scanning a long list of names at last fell on his own, and triumphantly drawing him out of the post-office thither, taunted him,

"*There, didn't I tell yer so—there's my name!*"

Sure enough, there the name was.

"To be sure," the clerk quietly proceeded to remark, "to be sure, that is the name, but cast your eyes to the top of this list." The rough-shod customer turned his eyes in the direction named, and read as follows—

"*Alphabetical List of Voters in Ward —, in the City of Lewiston!*" His eyes fell, he turned on his heel without stopping to skin the postmaster, and hasn't called for his letter yet.

The other day an Irishwoman called for a letter for herself.

"*An' sure, an' is there anything here for me?*"

"What name?"

"Bridget McCarty."

"Yes, there's a letter here for you from the Dead Letter Office."

The poor woman's countenance fell, and she burst into a flood of tears.

"An' sure an' I thought some of 'em mought ben dead that I didn't hear from them before."

The clerk soothed her with a few legal remarks, explaining the nature of the Dead Letter Office; the woman wiped away her tears and went away with one of her old letters, happy in the thought that the "folks at home wan't as dead as they was."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

### Manufactured Lightning.

In a Polytechnic College in England, they have manufactured an immense coil. An induction coil, be it remembered, is a reel of wire, around which a second wire is wrapped; and its property is this: that if a weak electric current is sent through the outer wire, a very strong current is induced in the inner coil, the degree of intensification of the induced current depending upon the length of wire which this inner coil contains. A hundred and fifty miles is the tail of that which is twined around the Polytechnic reel. This apparatus gives a spark *twenty-seven inches long*, a veritable lightning flash, for it would do the damage of a thunderbolt if it had the chance; but its energy is perfectly under control. This is a point to be noted; that mortal has been enabled to generate lightning at will, and make it play pranks and do his bidding for the diversion of the groundlings at a shilling a head.

### The Zodiacal Light.

The nature of this solar appendage has sorely puzzled the speculators on things celestial. Whether, as one has suggested, it be a denser part of that medium which there is reason to believe fills space, or whether, as others have held, it be a zone of meteoric particles, lit up, like dust in a sunbeam, by the solar rays, remains to be proved. Meanwhile, two noteworthy circumstances connected with it have been observed of late. First, it has been seen on the side of the earth opposite to the sun, which would imply that it is so extensive as to reach beyond the earth's orbit. Second, a Frenchman at Guadeloupe has remarked an apparent coincidence between the heat of last year and the almost total absence of the light. More data are required to decide if this be law or accident.

☞ A Burglar Hunt.—A man in Holyoke armed two of his neighbors with a mallet and a club to hunt a burglar, the other night. They went around the house in opposite directions, and meeting in the darkness behind it, proceeded to pound and whack each other in a fashion that would have been terribly effective if either had been the burglar.

☞ "Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a gentleman in search of a house. "It ought to be," was the reply; "the painter gave it two coats recently."

☞ It is reported in some of the English papers that Dr. Pusey, the High Church leader, has been found to be a real Jesuit priest. The revelation purports to have been made by a Jesuit priest on the continent. (Folderol probably.)

☞ The destruction of an old institution is always the discovery of an older principle.

☞ Much sport has been created in Holyoke, Mass., by the exhibition of an old-fashioned spinning-wheel as a velocipede. So few of the present generation were familiar with the ancient machine that the hoax was very successful.

☞ How to evoke Ghosts—Go round among your female acquaintances serenading at midnight. You will get glimpses of the ghosts, arrayed in white.

☞ Salt Lake City contains 28,000 Mormons and 8,000 Gentiles.

### The Capture of Petersburg.

On the night after the battle of Five Forks, Grant sat outside of his tent, about twenty miles west of the James, waiting for news from Sheridan. Meade's army and Ord's stretched in front of the long lines around Petersburg which had withstood them so long. Another flank movement was making, but thus far with little success. The weather had been miserable; the rains were violent, the roads almost impassable; horses and caissons and army wagons floundered in the quicksands. As far as Grant's left stretched out, so far Lee still confronted him. Sheridan had been fighting at Dinwiddie, and Lee had reached around almost to Grant's rear to strike at Sheridan,—had, indeed, dealt him a heavy blow. But to do this, the enemy had to divide his own force, hoping to get back before Grant could attack the broken front. Grant, however, sent an additional corps to the support of Sheridan, and, at nine o'clock in the evening, was waiting for details of the battle.

He sat wrapped in the soldier's blue overcoat, which he wore in that campaign. Two or three staff officers were near, gathered round a camp-fire in the wet woods. Two had remained all day with Sheridan, so as to report to the General-in-Chief the result of the fight at the earliest moment. One of them had already returned, bringing word of success,—how complete was not yet known. Finally, the other arrived with a full report from Sheridan. He was in great excitement, having ridden hard, ten miles or more, from the field of victory. Five Forks was won.

Grant listened calmly, only now and then interrupting the officer to ask a question. When all was told, he rose, without saying a word, entered his tent, where a candle flickered on the table, invited no one to join him, but wrote a despatch in sight of the officers outside, and gave it to an orderly. Then, coming out to the fire again, he remarked,—as calmly as if he were saying, "It is a windy night,"—"I have ordered an attack all along the lines to-morrow at daybreak." When one remembers what that meant,—how many such attacks had been made and how often with little result; in what light the North had come to regard these assaults upon fortified works; how disastrous repulse would have been at that juncture to Grant, with a part of his army ten miles away,—the promptness of the decision can be better appreciated. But Grant felt that the hour and the opportunity had arrived; he had that intuitive sympathy with his soldiers which every great commander feels; he knew that they must be inspired by Sheridan's victory as much as the Rebels would be depressed, and now was the time to take advantage of this feeling, and make the final assault. At four o'clock next day, the works of Petersburg were carried.—*Atlantic Monthly for May.*

### Adoration of the Cross.

A very remarkable ceremony took place at an early hour on May 2, in Christ (Episcopal) Church, Fifth avenue, New York, of which the Rev. Dr. Ewer is rector. The services were on behalf of an Episcopal (High Church) Society, called the "Guild of the Holy Cross." Briefly stated, it may be said to have been a formal adoration of the cross. The body of the church was dark, but the chancel was all ablaze with lights. On the altar was a colossal brazen cross, before which priest and acolytes repeatedly knelt. In the course of the ceremony there were various processions around the church, preceded by boys in surplices, bearing wax candles, crosses, &c., &c.

The "Fellows of the Guild" attracted particular attention. They were robed in long, black gowns and chausables, some of bright red, others blue, trimmed with white and gray, ornamented with gold, and on the bosom of each a large cross was embroidered. Some of the hymns sung on the occasion were no less remarkable for their expression of reverence for the cross. One of these, which was substituted for the *Gloria in Excelsis* in the communion service, concluded in this wise:

Faithful Cross! above all other,
One and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be;
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest Weight is hung on Thee.

The low Churchmen are greatly puzzled at this service, and are asking what it all means. Heretofore St. Albans has been looked upon as the most advanced ritualistic church in the diocese, but the palm will now have to be awarded to the church in the Fifth avenue.

☞ False Teeth.—To the false in teeth: says Dr. Pollock, of St. George's Hospital, Do not go to bed in your masticators. Some ugly cases have come before the surgeons of ivories and metal plates that have dislodged themselves during sleep, and, of course, slipped into the throat and stuck there. The only remedy has been, in some cases, to cut out the obstruction; not a very agreeable operation, to say nothing of its danger.

☞ Eloquence.—True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary.

☞ God did not take up the three Hebrews out of the furnace of fire; but He came down, and walked with them in it. He did not remove Daniel from the den of lions; He sent His angel to close the mouths of the beasts. He did not, in answer to the prayer of Paul, remove the thorn in the flesh; but He gave him a sufficiency of grace to sustain him.

☞ A Mississippi editor apologizes for a typographical error of the preceding day, which made him refer with pleasure to the "overflowing soakers of Major Eggleston's hospitable board." "Overflowing beakers" was what he wrote.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
—*Pope.*

☞ "Ye Banks and Braes."—Napoleon once characterised this as the only good melody England had ever produced. We should of course call it Scotch. Burns thought it so, and knew it as "The Caledonian Hunt's Delight," when he wrote to it the words which have made it so celebrated. But a lover of Scottish music in the "London Scotsman" says:—"It turns out, however, that the tune is neither English, as Napoleon thought; nor Scottish, as Burns asserted; nor Irish, as many have suspected—but French; and that it is to be found in a French collection published in Paris long before Burns was born."

☞ The wise man is happy in his own approbation; the fool, in the applause of his fellows.

### A Washington Clerkship.

A Washington correspondent writes:—Washington is a great big pauper house for young clerks, anxious to grow gray in the positions they hold, because they have become unfitted for anything else. They have lost their individuality at home where they might have had ambition, and they are simple menials here.

At first they meet the member of Congress from their district, with a "good-morning," feeling that they are of some importance, as they had helped to elect him to Congress, but this soon wears off, as the member soon learns that they have no longer influence at home—that they are in banishment—and they gradually learn that they are only expected to touch their hat to the member, for he is all-powerful to keep them in the places they hold. Their ambition and pride soon lower them, for once a clerk never above a clerk here. In a little while a new member appears from the district, and the clerk is not even recognized. If he retains his place, for which there are always a new score of applicants, sympathy keeps him, or he is accidentally overlooked. If he loses it, and has saved enough, and gets back to his old home, he finds he "is played"—he has not progressed with the age—his old associates are in prosperous business and he is a pauper, with no show for employment.

There are scores here who have lost their places and are ready to do any kind of work for a living, having toiled, some of them, for months and years to get out of debt and save money enough to get home—for they will continue to call the place they originally came from home; yet they would be strangers if they could get there.

### A Wedding Gift.

A Paris banker's son presented a banker's daughter with a toilet as a wedding gift. It was enclosed in a large ebony egg, with silver rims and silver hinges. This egg had a spring lock and a gold and silver key. The costume comprised two skirts, one of that peculiar coral shade more red than pink, and still between the two. The bottom of the underskirt was flounced with French lace. Over this a train of the coral silk, somewhat longer than the underskirt, and trimmed round with a flounce of the same lace, raised on the sides by branches of coral. A small mantelet of lace a la vieille is crossed over the bodice, fastened with pink coral buttons. Waves of lace fall round the arms, and they are called engageantes. The band for the waist is fringed all round with seen coral, as also the bow ends behind.

Salaries.—The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Company pays $15,000 for its President. The President of one of the Wall street insurance companies also receives $15,000. The Erie Railway has paid its President $25,000, and the perquisites amount to millions. One of the large New York sugar refineries paid its manager $20,000 per annum. The first class of New York municipal officers range as follows, the emolument being made up of fees: Register, $50,000; Sheriff, $50,000; Corporation Attorney, $50,000; while the Collector of the Port, it is said, receives from $50,000 to $100,000, if he is fortunate.

☞ Josh Billings divides the human race into three classes: "Those who think it is so, those who think it isn't so, and those who don't care whether it is so or not."

☞ Misfortune, when we look upon it with our eyes, is smaller than when our imagination sinks the evil down into the recesses of the soul.

☞ It is said that all the gold in the world employed for coin, plate, jewelry, etc., if put in a single cubical block, would be 26 feet square, and weigh 10,500 tons. Its commercial value would be six billion dollars.

☞ By the laws of Iowa, any person starting a prairie fire, and allowing it to get beyond his control, is subject to imprisonment for thirty days, and a fine not exceeding $100.

☞ A too fastidious moral, like too fastidious a taste in diet, impairs enjoyment. Those are best constituted for happiness whose refinement is of the average quality, congenial to the world they live in.

☞ Of the author of "Jane Eyre" Miss Martineau says, "She was as able at the needle as at the pen. The household knew the excellence of her cookery before they heard of that of her books." Young ladies, learn to sew and cook well, and then perhaps you may be also able to write a "Jane Eyre."

☞ The Yosemite Valley has two falls—the beautiful Ribbon Falls, whose height is 3,300 feet, and the Yosemite Fall, with its single leap of 2,600 feet.

☞ Lucy Larcon says with truth —

"Not the windfall makes us rich,
But the slowly ripened fruit."

☞ A Leavenworth paper proposes to drain the great lakes into the Mississippi by a canal across Illinois.

☞ Illinois promises a large peach crop.

☞ Mosquito is a word of Spanish origin. It has been spelled no less than fourteen different ways since the discovery of America.

☞ The Quaker Indian policy—The *Penn* is mightier than the sword.

☞ Clothes and manners don't make a man, but when he is made, they improve his appearance.

☞ Hadn't Got So Far.—A young lady who was reading a novel was asked by a gentleman how she liked the style. "The style? the style?" was the answer; "Oh, sir, I've not come to that yet."

☞ A Cheap Barometer.—A cup of coffee is a sure barometer, if you allow the sugar to drop to the bottom of a cup and watch the bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will be rainy; and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position, changeable weather may be expected. Try it.

☞ What pleasure like that of giving! There would be no rich men if they were capable of feeling this ineffable pleasure.

☞ On a Kentucky railroad recently, while a train was passing through a tunnel, a young man attempted to kiss a girl who sat in front of him, when she seized his hand and bit out a large piece. When the cars emerged, the young man, wrapping up his bleeding hand, explained to inquiring friends how the "window fell on it."

☞ Planchette, which at one time was considered an invaluable invention, has almost entirely disappeared.

☞ Happiness is a bird that owns no cage but the bosom.

### A Cave Merchant.

A writer in the Galaxy speaks of a curious conversation he once had with Col. Croghan, at that time the owner of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. He said:

"I bought that cave for four thousand dollars, and it has been a good purchase. I have been buying caves now these twenty years. The first one I owned was in Illinois, and I now own fifteen. People found I was fond of caves, and they brought them to me, and I bought them. They are curious things. I always was fond of caves."

This the writer calls taste well befitting such a country as ours, and the collection—a museum of caves—peculiarly an American collection.

☞ It is stated that, on the 1st of June, the tariff of the Atlantic Cable will be reduced to $10 for messages not exceeding 10 words, exclusive of address and signature, and $1 for each additional word. News despatches to the press will be allowed a discount of 50 per cent., but this reduction does not include cypher and commercial news. The rates are in gold.

☞ The Treasury clerks who are prohibited from smoking by the Secretary's recent orders, intend to appeal to President Grant.

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more doing. About 10,000 bbls sold at $5@5,10, for superfine; $6@6,25 for extra; $6,50@7,25 for North-West extra family; $6,75@8 for Pennsylvania extra family; $7,50@9 for Ohio and Indiana extra family, and $9,50@12 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—200 bbls sold at $7@7,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off. About 60,000 bus sold at $1,60@175 for fair to prime red; $1,78@1,85 for amber; $1,50 for No 1 spring; $1,77@1,80 for California, and $1,90@2,05 for Western and Southern white. Rye—1000 bus of fair Pennsylvania sold at $1,40, and 200 bus of prime Pennsylvania and Southern at $1,43@1,45. Corn—70,000 bus sold at 90@92c for yellow; 86@88 for white, 85@86c for Western mixed, and 88@90c for high Western mixed. Oats—30,000 bus sold at 80@82c for Western; 60@65 for Southern; and 70@78c ₱ bus for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull; sales of 200 bbls Mess Pork at $23. Sales of Beef Hams are reported at $20@21. Green Meats: 450 tierces pickled Hams sold at 16½@17c, and 200,000 ℔s salt Shoulders at 12½@13c. Lard; sales of 500 bbls and tcs Western at 18½@19c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter; sales of solid packed at 18@25c, and prime roll at 30@35c.

BARK—40 hhds No 1 Quercitron sold at $32 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—sales of yellow at 48@49c ₱ ℔.

FEATHERS—Prime lots are taken at 80@90c.

FRUIT—Green Apples are scarce and in demand. Dried Fruit; sales of Tennessee Apples at 12@13½c, and North Carolina at 14@20c ₱ ℔, and Peaches at 15@19c for halves, 12@12½c for quarters, and 10@20c ₱ ℔ for pared, according to quality.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₱ 100 ℔s $1,40@1,50; mixed do $1,25@1,30; inferior do $1,15@1,25, and Straw $1,60@1,65.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 5@16c, according to quality.

SEEDS—500 bus Clover seed sold at $8,50@9,25, according to quality. Timothy—Sales at $4,50@4,70. Flaxseed is selling at $2,68@2,70 ₱ bus.

TALLOW—Sales of City rendered at 11@11¼c ₱ ℔.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales at 52c for extra; 52c for fine; 52@53c for one-half blood; 51@52c for one-quarter blood; 45@47c for common; 50@53c for tub; 35@37c for unwashed; and 45@48c for pulled, as to quality.

☞ A lady was examining an applicant for the office of "maid of all work," when she interrogated her as follows:—"Well, Mary, can you scour tin-ware with alacrity?" "No, ma'am," replied Mary; "I always scour them with sand."

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1450 head. The prices realized from 9¾@10 cts ₱ ℔. 125 Cows brought from $35 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 6¾@8¾c ₱ ℔. 3200 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,50 ₱ 100 ℔s.

☞ A robin, it is said, kills on the average, about 800 flies in an hour; and a sparrow will destroy at least 150 worms or caterpillars in a day.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Chafes, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Doloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

☞ Sweet blue eyes are the violet blossoms of the soul.

**Pain Paint will Stop Pain when Doctors Fail.**

Wolcott's Pain Paint will do it; and if you have Catarrh, recollect that Wolcott's Annihilator, pint bottles $1, will eradicate this disgusting disease, root and branch. Six pints, sent free of express charges, for $5, or one pint of Wolcott's Pain Paint. Address Dr. Wolcott, 170 Chatham square, New York. Small bottles sold at all drug stores. my8-2t

☞ There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

**For Black Worms,**

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by my8-2m Johnston, Holloway & Cowden.

☞ President Grant returns an income of $500. This is independently of his salary, from which the tax is deducted before payment.

**To Remove Moth Patches,**

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-2m

☞ General Dodge, the Chief Engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, announces that the last rail of that road will be laid on Monday.

Something new for bar-rooms. Send 20 cents to Box 14, Port Deposit, Maryland. my1-4t

### Stealing Hair off the Head.

A word of caution to the damsels who let dawn their back hair and put on artificial waterfalls. To the first: if you prize your tresses, take them up, for a new system of robbery has been introduced to meet the demand for false hair in New York. Smart thieves, expert at scissoring, are rapping locks wholesale. They hunt their prey in streets and conveyances, and lop off any luxurious curls of flowing "mare's-tails" that come in their way before the fair owners can turn round to see who are their followers. From New York is a short journey, and ill-deeds travel speedily; so we may expect an early introduction to this new branch of the kleptic art.

**Without a Good Digestion**

All other temporal blessings are comparatively worthless. The dyspeptic millionaire who has tried all the potions of the medical profession in vain, and believes his complaint to be incurable, would give half his fortune to be freed from the horrors of indigestion, and thus enabled to enjoy the other half. *Of course he would.*

Perhaps HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS has been recommended to such a sufferer. Possibly he has turned from the friend who made the suggestion with a sneer, intimating that he has *no faith* in any "patent medicine." If this has been the case, *so much the worse for him.* His incredulity dooms him to a life of misery. All the luxuries which wealth can purchase are at his command. Not one of them can give him pleasure. His own irrations obstinacy is his bane.

The *masses*, happily for themselves, are less skeptical. There is such a thing as *bigoted unbelief*, as well as *bigoted credulity*, and a golden mean between the two, which men and women who are gifted with common sense adopt and profit by. These are the class that patronize and recommend HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. Why do they approve this famous anti-dyspeptic and anti-bilious preparation? Simply because they have not been too much the slaves of senseless prejudice to give it a fair trial, and have found that when all other tonics, stimulants and stomachics failed, it produced the desired effect.

"Strike, but hear," said the Roman sage, when his ignorant enemies were assailing him. "Doubt, but try," says the man who has been cured of indigestion, or biliousness, or intermittent fever, by the Bitters, as he relates his experience of the medicine to his invalid friends. Whoever is so wedded to his own foregone theoretical conclusions, as to decline to test the properties of a medicine endorsed by the testimony of intelligent men in every walk of life, and approved by the people at large, *deserves to suffer.* my1-3t

☞ A Sitka correspondent thus describes Alaska scenery: "Take one big mountain—covered with trees from the base nearly to the summit, with an undergrowth of brush, briars, and moss almost impassable—multiply the one by ten thousand, and you have Alaska. There is a terrible sameness. One singular feature of this mass of forest is the absence of birds. I have seen but one robbin in Sitka.

**Something New and Startling.**

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. Evans & Co.,
139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ A speculator in Paris, proposes to start a mammoth printing house for printing all the daily papers in the city. He says by doing so the dailies would reduce their expenses 10 per cent.

Holloway's Ointment is indeed a blessing to the afflicted; old ulcers and sore legs that have defied every effort to heal are cured to a certainty by the powerful cleansing and healing properties of the salve.

☞ An individual in San Francisco, descanting on what he would do were he an editor, said: "If I had a newspaper office I would arm it." A friend standing by quietly remarked: "Yes, and at the first symtom of difficulty you would 'leg' it."

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th of April, by the Rev. T. Y. Mitchell, Michael J. Brown to Emma J. Rea, both of this city.

On the 28th of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. James Arnold to Miss Kate Fraser, both of this city.

On the 29 of April, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, William W. Curran to Ella, daughter of the late Andrew Kitchen, Esq., both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. William Munroe, Charles Atkinson to Martha Calvin, both of this city.

On the 29th of April, by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, D. D., Mr. Frank Mayben to Miss Mattie J. Stinson, both of this city.

On the 13th of April, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. Edward C. Parker to Miss Clara McBride, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, Henry M. Morris, in his 49th year.

On the 4th instant, William C. McIntosh, aged 68 years.

On the 4th instant, Susanna Hollowbush, in her 67th year.

On the 2d instant, Margaret, wife of George W. Warner, in her 45th year.

On the 3d instant, Henry Slaughter, aged 23 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. Julia Kenworthy, in her 49th year.

On the 3d instant, George Sickel, in his 18th year.

On the 2d instant, Samuel, son of Alfred L. and Mary E. Morris, in his 20th year.

On the 1st instant, William H. Jackson, in his 28th year.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

**Sights and Secrets**

**OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.**

A work descriptive of Washington City: its high and low life, magnificent public buildings, hidden mysteries, villanies and corruptions, the inside workings of the Government. Showing how the public money is squandered; how rings are managed; how officials are blacked mailed; how counterfeiting is carried on; and all about female lobby members, lady clerks, &c. It is the spiciest, most thrilling, instructive, and startling book published.

☞ Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO.,
ap17-3m 411 Broome St., New York.

### TO MAY.

Come, gentle May!
Come with thy robe of flowers,
Come with thy sun and sky, thy clouds and showers;
Come, and bring forth unto the eye of day,
From their imprisoning and mysterious night,
The buds of many hues, the children of thy light.

Come, wondrous May!
For, at the bidding of thy magic wand,
Quick from the caverns of the breathing land,
In all their green and glorious array
They spring, as spring the Persian maids to hail
Thy flushing footsteps in Cashmerian vale.

Come, vocal May!
Come with thy train, that high,
On some fresh branch pour out their melody;
Or, carolling thy praise the livelong day,
Sit perched in some lone glen, on echo calling,
Mid murmuring woods and musical waters falling.

Come, beautiful May!
Like youth and loveliness,
Like her I love; O, come in thy full dress,
The drapery of dark winter cast away;
To the bright eye and the glad heart appear,
Queen of the spring, and mistress of the year.

Yet, lovely May!
Teach her whose eyes shall rest upon this rhyme,
To spurn the gilded mockeries of time,
The heartless pomp that beckons to betray,
And keep, as thou wilt find, that heart each year,
Pure as thy dawn, and as thy sunset clear.

And let me too, sweet May!
Let thy fond votary see,
As fade thy beauties, all the vanity
Of this world's pomp; then teach, that though decay
In his short winter bury beauty's frame,
In fairer worlds the soul shall break his sway,
Another spring shall bloom, eternal and the same.

## People's Names.

Surnames were first introduced into England by the Normans, and were adopted by the English nobility soon after the Conquest. Centuries passed, however, before the use of them became general. The surnames of the gentry can hardly be traced further back than the middle of the twelfth century, about which time, according to Camden, it began to be thought essential that persons of rank should bear some designation in addition to their baptismal names. Among the homelier classes this necessity was felt much later, and the process was much slower, and with them hereditary surnames were not permanently adopted before the era of the Reformation; indeed, in the more retired parts of the country, and notably among the wealthy families of Yorkshire, hereditary names were unknown as late as the seventeenth century.

The first form of the *supra nomen*, or added name, seems to have been surnames for *son*—among the Normans, *Fitz*, as *Fitz Herbert*, the son of Herbert; among the Scotch, *Mac*, as *Macdonald*, the son of Donald. The Irish chose the grandson, for which the Irish equivalent is *O*, as *O'Neal*, Neal's grandson, *O'Brien*, Brien's grandson. It was quite natural, as it was inevitable, that the example set by the lordly Normans, and their congeners Irish and Scotch, should find imitators. The Welsh followed suit (unless, indeed, as they pretend, they originated the practice), and carried out the principle still further, bearing in their surnames something like a complete table of descent—as, for instance, in the name *Griffith-ap-Evan—ap-Morgan—ap-Fluellen—ap-Shenkin—ap-Shone*—(ap, signifying son,) Griffith, son of Evan, son of Morgan, son of Fluellen, son of Jenkins, son of Jones. The Russians follow a like practice at the present day—as *Petro Ivanovits*, Peter, son of John. Modern English names ending in *son*, generally denote a middle or plebeian class; and such seems to have been the opinion of Beau Brummel, who having accepted an invitation to dine with a Mr. Jackson, while apologising to the hostess for coming late, called her Mrs. Thompson. When informed of his mistake, he coolly replied, "Oh, it's all the same, you know—Jackson, Johnson, Thomson, Dickson, and that sort of thing!"

At the introduction of Christianity among the northerns the Christian names were sometimes conferred in a rather summary manner. Persons of note—leaders, captains, chiefs, and men or women of local celebrity or consideration, had each his own name given to him at baptism; but, on the other hand, the rank-and-file soldiers and the common people were often baptised in squads or battalions, all the subjects of one baptismal ceremony taking the same name. Thus there would be, among the converts of a single day, one squad of Peters, another of Thomases, a third of Johns, and so on. This must have led to no small confusion, as the new converts would naturally pride themselves on their new names, and it must have tended to the more general adoption of surnames for the sake of distinction. Although the rich often derived their surnames from the property or estates they possessed—as Clifford, Pevensey, Hastings—or from some chivalric or heraldic insignia, or some renowned exploit—it is plain the mass of the people could not do so. A vast number of the first surnames common in Britain were, it is evident, taken from the trades or callings of those who bore them—a fact which explains the prevalence of such names at the present time as Smith, Baker, Carpenter, Carter, etc. At a later period, when surnames were becoming hereditary, these designations no longer described the callings of their owners. Other surnames were derived from some personal peculiarity, as Gaunt, Barebones, Longshanks, Crookshanks; and others again from some personal quality, as Swift, Strong, Bold, etc.—while not a few, it would appear, originated in character and habits, as Craven, Coward, Stalker, Slasher, Blower.

But whatever may have been the origin of the numerous surnames to which a special significance can be attached, it is pretty clear that such *quasi* distinctive appellations were all too few as the population went on increasing, and the fashion for hereditary names extended, and when in course of time others of an arbitrary character had to be adopted, to which no sort of significance could be attached, but which yet served perfectly well every purpose for which distinctive names are required. Very many English names at the present day are of this latter class, having no imaginable reference to any property or peculiarity of the persons to whom for generations past they have appertained. Many of them are the names of colors, as Black, Brown, Green, etc.; many are the names of plants, many more of animals, others of minerals, and others again are adjectives expressive of some quality by no means applicable to the owners of them, or even to human beings at all. There are a crowd of common names, moreover, which suggest no idea to the mind, apart from the idea of Mr. Cox, or Mr. Sims, or Mr. Sykes, or Mr. Anybody, whose special property they are. It is possible, however, to make a grand mistake in considering this subject too hastily, seeing that there are a good number of names common enough, and at first blush having no apparent significance, which are yet mere corruptions of old names full of meaning: such are Sandys, from Alexander; Clowes, from Clovis; Snooks, from Sevenoaks, and a multude of others whose derivation is more or less obvious. The corruption of names, from whatever causes, seems destined to go on, and many causes may be cited as tending in this direction—not the least being the preference for brevity and a sarcastic kind of raciness which is a characteristic of the lower and industrial classes. Names which retain their integrity so long as those who bear them are well to do in the world, are very apt to become clipped, transformed, and even travestied, when their owners have got down in the world. We may quote some examples of names thus transformed; for instance, the honorable name of *Bethune*, has degenerated to *Beaton; De Vere*, has become *Weir; De Ballassise*, has passed into *Belshes; D'Aeth*, is changed to *Death; De Comyn*, to *Cumming*. Old Welsh names have to do duty as modern English ones; thus *Price* comes from *Ap-Rice*, *Prichard* from *Ap-Richard*, *Pugh* from *Ap-Hugh*, *Bowen* from *Ap-Owen*.

In the selection of Christian names there has been quite a revolution within the memory of middle-aged persons. A generation back the habit of English parents was to call their children by the names they bore themselves, or which were borne by relatives or sponsors, which were generally simple names familiar to every one, and mostly taken from the Old or New Testament worthies. At the present time that practice seems to be rather the exception, the rising generation bearing a new class of patronymics consisting of the surnames of celebrated persons who have shone as authors, statesmen, philanthropists, patriots, or who in some other respects have been men of mark. We have not yet got to the length of bestowing half-a-dozen or more Christian names on a child, as is the fashion in Spain and other southern countries; nor do we much delight in classical additions to vulgar surnames. We should not think the homeliness of Blogg compensated by a conjunction with Mithridates, or that Grubb would be rendered illustrious if coupled with Sardanapalus; nor are we as yet charmed with the euphony of Hannibal Chollop or Apollonius Rhodius Weggs.

Everybody familiar with the interior of working establishments must have noticed the almost universal practice in such places of using sobriquets or nicknames. In such resorts long names get wonderfully abbreviated; names hard to pronounce have others substituted for them; and any workman with any personal peculiarity will be dubbed with a new name derived from it. The strangest liberties in nomenclature are sometimes taken through ignorance. The books of a bankrupt beerhouse-keeper having to pass under examination, presented a series of entries utterly bewildering to the accountant. Not only were the names of the debtors variously transformed, but not a few of them were inventions—a kind of shorthand intelligible only to the writer. Accounts had to be made out against Stumpy, Dot-and-go, Jaws, Nosey, Dirty Mug, One-eyed Man, and a number of others characteristically designated, but whose real names were evidently unknown to the creditor.

In some places where the population is limited the hereditary surnames will be very few, owing to the fact that a few families have gone on multiplying from generation to generation, and have admitted no strangers to their community—a state of things, however, which was more common a century back than it is now or is ever likely to be again. In Wales, for instance, small towns and villages were found in which, among a population of hundreds, the only families would be the Morgans, Williamses, and Evanses; while others boasted only of the names of Griffiths, Rice, and Jenkins. The same thing is recorded of Scotland at an earlier period, when, it is said, two or three names sufficed for a whole township of fisher-folk. A writer in "Blackwood" gives the following anecdote. In one of the Buchan fishing villages a stranger had occasion to call on a fisherman of the name of Alexander White. Meeting a girl, he asked, "Could you tell me f'ar Sanny Fite lives?"

"Filk Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle Sanny Fite."

"Filk Muckle Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle Lang Sanny Fite."

"Filk Muckle Lang Sanny Fite?"

"Muckle lang-gleyed Sanny Fite," shouted the stranger.

"Oh! it's Goup-the lift ye're seekin'," cried the girl, "and fat for no dinna ye speer for the man by his richet name at ance?"

But even at the present day, though surnames are various and abundant, it does not follow that they will be in use among the owners of them. The fact seems to be that in some places they are so little used as to be at times forgotten by those to whom they belong. It is said that in Staffordshire, in our own times, clergymen have been known to send home a wedding party in despair after a vain attempt to get from bride or bridegroom a sound by way of a name. In the English Colliery districts every man has a nickname by which he is known, and to which he readily responds, while it may be that no one knows his real name. A story is related of a lawyer's clerk who had to serve process on a collier, and whose real name was duly entered in the document. After a good deal of inquiry, being unable to find the man, the clerk was about to abandon the search, when a young lass, compassionating his anxiety, offered to assist him. "Oy say, Bullyed," she called to the first person they met, "does thee know a mon neamed Adam Green?" The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. They then came to another man. "Loy-a-bed, does thee?" Lie-a-bed could not answer either. Stumpy (a man with a wooden leg), Cowskin, Spindleshanks, Cookeye, and Pigtail were successively consulted, but to no purpose. At length, however, having had conversation with several friends, the damsel's eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her neighbors on the shoulder, she exclaimed, "Hoot! whoy he means moy feyther!" Then turning to the astonished clerk, she cried, "You shouldn axed for Ode Blackbird!"

The question has been often mooted, Has a man the right to abandon his family and hereditary name, and take another? though that question, it is plain, does not much trouble the laboring classes. There may be sufficient reason why a man should wish to change his name—not the least of which is the fact that some names still in use have a repulsive or offensive significance—so that words are constantly pronounced as surnames which otherwise would never be suffered to pass the lips. The law does not often give its sanction to a change of name unless the applicant can show that such change is necessary to his inheriting property, or can prove that he is descended from a family of the name he wishes to assume. On the other hand, any man may change his name, if he likes, without troubling the law at all; the law having no power to prevent it; still, if a man who has changed his name has to take action in a suit at law he might perhaps find it necessary to resume his discarded designation.

### THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O, my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain;
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Thou seem'st but of sedater mood,
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We strayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set in the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and a fair daughter sweet,
And time and care and birthtime woes
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower;
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine.

## The Cheats of Paris.

BEEF-TEA WITHOUT BEEF.

Just as the Parisians have found out how to make coffee without coffee, so have they discovered the way of making *bouillon* or beef-tea without beef. At the *gargotiers*, the lowest class of Paris restaurants, a species of ingenious fraud has of late years become very common. It consists in passing off warm water, colored and flavored with burnt onions and caramel, and into which some little grease bubbles have been injected, as soup. It is true that bones which have been twice well stewed, first by the larger restaurants, and secondly by the inferior class of *traiteurs*, and cast away as done with, are stewed in this water for the third time, in order that it may be impregnated with some particle of animal substance; but as this fails to impart to it those little greasy bubbles which the French term eyes, and for which the shrewd frequenters of these establishments invariably look to satisfy themselves that the broth they drink has been actually made from meat, a clever cook got over the difficulty by filling his mouth with about a spoonful of fish-oil, and, after tightly compressing his lips together, blowing with all his force, so as to send forth a greasy mist, as it were, which, falling into the cauldron, formed the eyes so dear to epicures of a certain type. The system was found to answer so perfectly that an *employe aux yeux de bouillon*, as the individual who performs this operation is termed, is now an indispensable necessity at all *gargotiers* in a large way of business.

HAM MADE OUT OF PORK.

Parisians of a certain class are inordinate eaters of ham; in fact, almost as many hams are eaten in Paris as could be furnished by all the pigs killed throughout the whole of France, even allowing for both shoulder and leg being cured in accordance with the French practice. The demand was supplied in this wise. The dealers in cooked hams bought up the old ham-bones at a couple of sous a-piece, and ingeniously inserted them into pieces of pickled pork, which they trimmed to shape, and coated with grated bread-crusts. In this way many bones did duty hundreds of times over, lasting, in fact, for years. They would leave the dealers in the morning, and frequently return to them the same night, to quit them again the following day; nevertheless, the supply could hardly keep pace with the demand. Fancy the inconvenience of having to wait for your ham until your neighbor's servant took back the ham-bone which the *charcutier* relied upon receiving yesterday. It was to obviate such a state of things that an ingenious individual conceived the idea of manufacturing ham-bones wholesale, and ere long he drove a thriving trade, at ten sous the dozen; since which time the stock of hams has augmented, and the porcine delicacy become less difficult of attainment.

COCKSCOMBS MADE OUT OF PALATES.

Much in the same way another ingenious individual, knowing the immense consumption of cockscombs in Paris for *ragouts, coquilles* of cockscombs, and *sol-au-vents*, and seeing the high prices they commanded, owing to the limited supply, set to work to minister to the demand, and duly established himself as a manufacturer of cockscombs. So extensive was the trade done by him that he found it necessary to set up a small steam-engine. He was a great enthusiast, and was accustomed to pride himself upon the artificial cockscombs which emanated from his *atelier* being greatly superior to the natural article. With a modesty uncommon among his countrymen, he styled himself a "rival" only of nature, who was thus not subjected to a too humiliating comparison. Nevertheless, he would say, "Nature's productions, in the matter of cockscombs, abound with unpardonable defects, there are not two of them alike; whereas, all of mine are not only beautifully proportioned, but dentilated at the edges with the utmost exactitude. Mine, in fact, are the work of an artist, and art is simply nature perfected by the genius of man. Nature makes the marble, but it is man who carves a statue out of it: nature produces a woman, but it required a man to produce the Venus de Medicis, an ideal that nature is incapable even of imitating."

This is the way our artist goes to work. He takes the palate of a bullock, calf, or sheep—either will do, though he prefers the first. After having blanched it in boiling water, he macerates it, and detaches the flesh of the palatic vault without in the slightest degree deranging it, and then places it under a stamping machine, which punches out cockscombs more perfect in shape than those produced by nature, yet sufficiently resembling them to deceive the connoisseurs. Still there is a way of detecting the artificial production: the cockscombs of clumsy nature have *papilla* on both sides, whereas those of art have them only on one. Counterfeit cockscombs are sold as low as four sous the dozen to poulterers, keepers of restaurants, pastry-cooks, &c., and at six sous to cooks in private families. The inventor, seeing the multitude of statues set up under the Second Empire, is naturally astonished that one has not been erected in his honor; but he sensibly resigns himself to what he calls the fate of genius, which is, he says, never to be really appreciated until after death.

TURKEYS MADE TO LOOK FRESH.

This man, in his intercourse with poulterers, got to learn that when they did not sell their stock of turkeys of at once, they were obliged to lower the price about one-fifth every subsequent day a bird remained on hand, and, consequently, frequently had to submit to a loss, although the turkey might present the same appearance of freshness that it did when first killed. And yet no cook could be deceived, and this solely because the bird's legs, which were black and shiny the day of its death, assumed a more and more grayish tone as time went on. This was quite sufficient for a man of genius. The shrewd manufacturer of cockscombs hastened home, and set to work to compound a varnish which should defy the attacks of time, and render turkeys' legs "beautiful for ever." In a couple of days he returned triumphant to the market, and furnished the best proof of his success by deceiving the dealers themselves. Trials were next made upon the public, and turkeys with varnished legs were offered to the cunningest cooks, who, deceived by appearances made their purchases without demanding the customary abatement, and the conservation of the brilliant lustre of turkey's legs became from that time forward a regular trade; which certainly says little for the honesty of the poulterers, less for the judgment of the cooks, and least of all for the assumed delicacy of taste of the Parisian gourmets.

EGYPTIAN MUMMIES.

An imposition of quite another kind, which is carried on in Paris on a large scale, is the fabrication of Egyptian mummies. One man alone, Combalon by name, has manufactured no less than eight hundred of these interesting relics of the Ptolemian era for provincial museums alone. His export business in counterfeit mummies extends over half the globe, even to Egypt itself, whence they return to Europe, with a sort of guarantee of genuineness. A skull, two fillets of veal, a dog's skin, and some linen bands, suffice for all that was mortal of a Cheops, a Pharaoh, a Ptolemy, or a Cleopatra.

TAPE-WORMS.

From mummies to tape-worms is an ignoble transition, and only to be tolerated on the plea that both are equally counterfeited. Artificial tape-worms are manufactured at Paris in crochet, any number of yards in length, according to price. When the rings constituting the ribs are completed, all that is necessary is to stoop the future worm in a mixture of starch and gum. On becoming thoroughly dry it is placed in a glass jar, and, in due course, is exposed in some chemist's window as a marvellous result obtained by the persistent use of some specific vended by him.

KNOW NOTHING WITNESSES.

The thousand and one fraudulent shifts apart from trade, to which certain of the Paris population are reduced, to get a living within the bounds of the law, has given rise to what is styled the ready-witness, or *detrips*, as he is nick-named, who, as soon as he hears of a crime having been committed, hurries off to the spot, where he picks up all the rumors that are afloat, and supplementing them with some inventions of his own, repeats them in the neighboring cafes and cabarets, taking care to let his name and address be known. His statements, in due course, get repeated, and at last reach the ears of the authorities, whereupon he is summoned, and relates what he has heard. As may be supposed his deposition proves insignificant; still he has secured for himself the couple of francs allowed to all witnesses duly summoned by the police. After a time of course he becomes known, and his evidence is no longer in request; but he soon invents for himself some other calling, becomes, perhaps, what is called the "people." According to the Paris police reports of a few weeks back, an individual charged with vagabondage, in answer to the inquiries of the presiding magistrate as to the various callings he had followed to gain a livelihood, among other out-of-the-way pursuits, informed him that, under the reign of Louis Philippe, he had been the "people." On being asked to explain himself, he said he had received an allowance for shouting *Vive le Roi!* when his majesty went abroad. The newspapers, in chronicling the incident, admitted that the calling still existed, though the cry had changed into *Vive l'Empereur!*

## The Clothes Mania.

BY JAMES PARTON.

That Alpine hat which broke out upon us with so much violence last September, and which, I am told, has not yet spent its force in the interior states, is a good illustration of the way in which a fashion originates, "takes," spreads, rages, declines, dies away in the distance, and is lost to view, until it pleases our sovereign lords, the fashion-makers, to spring it upon mankind again. The son of a New York hatter, late in the year 1867, while making the tour of Europe, found himself at Naples, where he noticed a pretty green hat that was much in vogue, called the Alpine hat. It was steeple-crowned, with wide brim, and a broad black ribbon round the crown which was further decorated by a feather. It differed from the familiar Tyrolese hat, which we often see at the opera upon the heads of picturesque banditti, chiefly in having the brim turned up, instead of down, and in having a deep, regular dent or cleft in the top of the crown, such as all soft hats have when they are first unpacked. The young hatter, though on pleasure bent, had a mind attentive to business, and he sent one of these hats home to his father, who placed it in his store for the amusement of his customers. It was as though he had said: "See what things those absurd foreigners wear! Yes, sir, they actually wear that kind of thing in Naples; out of doors, in broad daylight! Just fancy a man wearing a green hat with a feather in it, in the streets!"

For three months or more this hat, so pretty at Naples, so ridiculous in New York, was exhibited in the hat store in Broadway without exciting in the breast of any man a desire to possess it. The realistic drama was then in fashion. Managers advertised their new effects as patented; dramatists sought the two-fold protection of the Patent Office and the copyright law, and would not permit the hero of another man's play to incur any but an original peril. The hats worn upon the stage being thus as real as the real water of the stage fountain, and the real donkey of the stage cart, this romantic hat was not in request for the drama. Indeed, it remains unsold at the present moment, and may still be inspected by the curious. But one day it occurred to the philosophic mind of the hatter who owned it, that, apart from its green color and its feather, the fundamental ideas of this hat were good, and were also in harmony with the tastes of the American people. He thought he saw in it a taking compromise between the orthodox respectability of the stiff and glossy cylinder, and the too careless lowering loseriem of soft felt. He thought he could Americanize the Naples hat in such a way as to combine the safety of the stovepipe with the grace that is latent in the slouch. Then he said, "Make me a dozen hats of that pattern, but black and without a feather." In due time, the hats were placed in the store for sale. The hit they made was immediate and most decided. Every one who saw them was delighted with them, and they were all sold in a few hours. It is a long time since hatters have offered the public so pleasing a union of the becoming, the comfortable, and the convenient. And about this time arrived in New York the gallant band of English cricketers, wearing hats somewhat similar; and these gentlemen, performing daily in the presence of a great multitude, gave an impetus to the fashion. In a short time, the originator was selling a hundred Alpine hats a day, and all the other hatters were in full cry after them. In a few weeks, one-half the better dressed men in New York were happy in the consciousness of having their heads more becomingly covered than they ever were before; and the other half secretly craved the same happiness, but were prevented from indulging their desire by the noble dread of wearing a hat that "everybody" wore.

In this little story of the Alpine hat are contained, as I have said, all the principles that control the rise, spread, and extinction of fashions. But in order to present the subject properly, we must go back of the Alpine hat, and see by what steps we arrived at the state of mind and taste which caused so many of us to adopt it so eagerly. And this is a subject which goes down to the depths of human nature. As the topmost leaves of the tallest tree draw their nourishment from the far distant and unseen root, and take their form, color, and texture from the tree's constitution and circumstances; as there is a natural necessity that the leaves of the willow shall be long and the leaves of the holly shall shine; so the feathers in ladies' bonnets and the shape of men's hats, and all the seeming caprices of fashion, are controlled by law, originate in the nature of things, and are influenced by the controlling events of history. I do not know why walking-sticks are seldom carried in our streets, where, three years ago, it was common to carry them; but if any one had a month in which to find out, he could find out; and very likely his investigation would carry him up among the great events and men of the age. He might have to write to Count Bismarck about it; the national debt may have something to do with it. The shade of care that comes over the countenances of a community when times are hard, and which our faces have worn for the last three years, since our burden began to settle down heavily upon us (the flush-money of the war being all spent, and the fictitious prosperity of war having been succeeded by its proper reaction,) may explain it; for a walking-stick is the natural accompaniment of a mind at ease. It is when we go forth to a stroll among the girls in the Fifth Avenue on a fine afternoon, that we take a cane with us; not when we are going down town to collect or borrow money. But I leave this interesting branch of the subject to future investigators, and return to my hats, merely reporting, for the information of those investigators, that, during the whole of the year 1868, the walking-stick trade was exceedingly dull, and that in 1864 and 1865 it was very brisk indeed.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap: they get in easily, and then can't get out at all.

### THE SOUL'S BELIEF.

BY GAYLORD J. CLARKE.

The pale moon breaks through drifted clouds.
  Then on in splendor rolls,
As from the grasp of spectral crowds
  Break dauntless human souls,
Who, heeding not the poisoned darts
  Hurled from the hands of Wrong,
Hear in the cloisters of their hearts
  A low, enchanting song.

The vain lament for fancied woe,
  Through all the weary years,
So chills the soul, we scarcely know
  That still the silver spheres
Which rang Creation's morning chime,
  From Heaven's triumphal arch,
Chant, as of old, a strain sublime
  When in their midnight march.

Though life—a swiftly-gliding stream—
  Has change of sun and shade,
It is not, as too many deem,
  A mocking masquerade;
For Love and Beauty from the shore
  Of Eden light the gloom,
And fond hopes wave their pinions o'er
  The desolating tomb.

Hearts beat as true in noble forms
  As when, in other times,
'Mid battles' fiercely-raging storms
  They fell in classic climes.
It should be thus, for still on high
  Rules the great Lord of all—
Unheeded by whose watchful eye
  "A sparrow cannot fall."

And Beauty, heaven-descended child,
  Still haunts each wandering air,
When morn awakes the woodland wild,
  Or evening breathes of prayer;
Anemones and heliotropes
  Still gem the tufted sod,
And violets bloom on sunny slopes,
  Beneath the eye of God.

By flowery banks the rivers flow;
  As soft the zephyrs now
As those which, centuries ago,
  Stole o'er the Saviour's brow;
The sea still breaks along the shore,
  By crags in gloom apart;
And throbs, as true as e'er before,
  Humanity's great heart.

Our engraving represents the chief of the Obbo country in Africa, by name Katchiba, a powerful sorcerer and rainmaker, and so grand a patriarch that he boasts as many as a hundred and sixteen children now living. When he takes a journey he rides as we see.

## THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXII.

MY LADY AT THE RED COURT.

At the end window of the corridor, looking towards the church and village, stood Mary Anne Thornycroft. Not yet had she recovered the recent stormy interview, and a resentful feeling in regard to it was rife within her. The conduct of her father and eldest brother appeared to have been so devoid of all reason in itself, and so gratuitously insulting to Robert Hunter, that Mary Anne, in the prejudice of her love for *him*, was wishing she could pay them off. It is the province of violent and unjust opposition to turn aside its own aim, just as it is the province of exaggeration to defeat itself; and Miss Thornycroft, conning over and over again in her mind the events of the day, wilfully persuaded herself that Mr. Kyne was right, her father wrong, and that smuggling of lace, or anything else that was valuable, *was* carried on under (as may be said) the very face and front of their supine house.

Cyril came up the stair—his book in his hand—saw her standing there, and came to her side. The short winter's day was already verging towards twilight, and the house seemed intensely still.

"Is it not a shame?" exclaimed Mary Anne, as Cyril put his arm about her.

"Is what not a shame? That the brightness of the day *is* gone?

"*You know!*" she passionately exclaimed. "Where's the use of attempting subterfuge with me, Cyril? Cyril, on my word I thought for the moment that papa and Richard must have gone suddenly mad."

In Cyril Thornycroft's soft, brown eyes, thrown out to the far distance, there was a strange look of apprehension, as if they saw an unwelcome thing approaching. Something was approaching in fact but not quite in sight yet. He had a mild, gentle face; his temper was of the calmest, his voice sweet and low. And yet Cyril seemed to have a great care ever upon him; his mother, whom he so greatly resembled, used to have the same. He was the only one of her children who, as yet, had profited much by her counsel and monition. In the last few years of her life her earnest daily efforts had been directed to draw her children to God, and on Cyril they had borne fruit.

In the German schools, to which he had been sent, in the Oxford University life that succeeded, Cyril Thornycroft had walked unscathed amidst the surging sea of surrounding sins and perils. Whatever temptation might assail him, he seemed, in the language of one who watched his career, only to come out of them more fit for God. Self-denying, walking not to do his own will, remembering always that he had been bought with a price and had a Master to serve, Cyril Thornycroft's daily life was one of patient endurance of a great inward suffering, and of active kindness. Where he could do good he did it; when others were tempted to say a harsh word, he said a kind one. He had been brought up to no profession; his inclination led him to go into the Church; but some motive, of which he never spoke, seemed to hold him back. Meanwhile Mr. Thornycroft appeared quite content to let him stay on at the Red Court in idleness—idleness as the world called it. Save that he read a great deal, Cyril did no absolute work; but many in Coastdown blessed him. In sickness of body, in suffering of mind, there by the bed-side might be found Cyril Thornycroft, reading from the Book of Life—talking of good things in his low, earnest voice; and sometimes—if we may dare to write it—praying. Dare! For it is the fashion of the world to deride such things when spoken of—possibly to deride them also in reality.

And now that is all that will be said. It was well to say it for the satisfaction of the readers, as will be found presently, even though but one of those readers may be walking in a similar earnest path, the world lying on one hand, Heaven on the other.

"Courtesy is certainly due to Mr. Hunter—and I am sorry that my father and Richard forgot it," resumed Cyril. "When does he leave?"

"On Saturday," she answered, sullenly.

"Then—endeavor to let things go on peaceably until that time. Do not excite him by any helping word on your part to oppose home prejudices. Believe me, Mary Anne, my advice is good. Another such scene as there was to-day, and I should be afraid of the ending."

"What ending?"

"That Richard might turn him out of the house."

Miss Thornycroft tossed her head.

"Richard would be capable of it."

"Let us have peace for the rest of his sojourn here, forgetting this morning's episode. And—Mary Anne—do not ask him to prolong his visit beyond Saturday."

He looked with kindly earnestness into her eyes for a moment as if wishing to give impression to the concluding words, and then left her to digest them: which Miss Thornycroft was by no means inclined to do pleasantly. She was picking up the notion that she would be required to give way to her brothers on all occasions; here was even Cyril issuing his orders now! Not ask Robert Hunter to stay over Saturday! when her whole heart had been set upon his doing it!

Playing with her neck-chain, tossing it hither and thither, she at length saw Robert Hunter come strolling home from the village, his air listless, his steps slow; just like a man who is finding time heavy on his hands.

"And not one of them to be with him!" came her passionate thought. "It *is* a shame. Bears! Why! who's *this?*"

The exclamation—cutting short the complimentary epithet on her brothers, though it could not apply with any sort of justice to Cyril, who had been prevented by his father from following Robert Hunter—related to a Jutpoint fly and pair. Driving in at the gates, it directly faced Mary Anne Thornycroft; she bent her eyes to peer into it, and started with surprise.

"Good gracious! What can bring *her* here?"

For she recognized Lady Ellis; with a maid beside her. And yet, in that pale, haggard, worn woman, who seemed scarcely able to sit upright, there was not much trace of the imperious face of her who had made for so brief a period the Red Court her home. Illness—long-continued illness, its termination of necessity fatal—changes both the looks and the spirit.

The chaise had passed Robert Hunter at right angles: had my lady recognized him?

But a moment must be given to Cyril. On descending the stairs, he saw Richard striding out at the front door, and hastened after him.

"Where are you going, Richard?"

"Where am I going?" retorted Richard. "To Tomlett's, if you must know. Something must be done."

Cyril laid his calm hand on his brother's restless one, and led him off towards the plateau.

"Do nothing, Richard. You are hasty and incautious. They cannot make any discovery."

"And that fellow talking of going to sound the rocks, with his boasted engineering experience?"

"Let him go. If the square sounds as hollow as his head, what then? They can make nothing else of it. No discovery can be made from the outside; you know it *can not;* and care must be taken that they don't get in."

"Perhaps you would not care if they did," spoke Richard, in his unjust passion.

"You know better," said Cyril, sadly. "However I may have wished that certain circumstances did not exist, I would so far act with you now as to ward off discovery. I would give my life, Richard, to avert pain from you all, and disgrace from the Red Court's good name. Believe me, nothing bad will come of this, if you are only cautious. But your temper is enough to ruin all—to set Hunter's suspicions on you. You should have treated it derisively, jokingly, as I did."

Richard, never brooking interference, despising all advice, flung Cyril's arm aside, and turned off swearing, meeting Isaac, who was coming round by the plateau.

"Isaac, we are dropped upon."

"What?"

"We are dropped upon, I say."

"How? Who has done it?"

"That cursed fellow Mary Anne brought here—Hunter. He and Kyne have been putting their heads together! and, by all that's true, they have hit it hard. They had got up a suspicion of the rocks; been sounding the square rock, and found it hollow. Kyne has scented the cargo that's lying off now."

The corners of Isaac Thornycroft's mouth fell considerably.

"We must get *that* in," he exclaimed. "It is double the usual value."

"I wish Hunter and the gauger were both hanging from the cliffs together!" was Richard's charitable conclusion, as he strode onwards. "It was a bad day's work for us when they moved Dangerfield. I'm on my way now to consult with Tomlett; will you come?"

Isaac turned with him. Bearing towards the plateau, but leaving it to the right—a road to the village rarely taken by any but the Thornycroft family, as indeed nobody else had a right to take it, the waste land belonging to Mr. Thornycroft—they went on to Tomlett's meeting Mr. Kyne en route, with whom Isaac, sunny-mannered ever, exchanged a few gay words.

Cyril meanwhile strolled across the lawn as far as the railings, and watched them away. He was deep in thought; his eyes were sadder than usual, his high, square brow was troubled.

"If this incident could but turn out a blessing!" he half murmured. "Acted upon by the fear of discovery through Kyne's suspicions, if my father would but make it a plea for bringing things to a close, while quiet opportunity remains to him! But for Richard he would have done so, as I believe, long ago."

Turning round at the sound of wheels, Cyril saw the fly drive in. Reaching it as it drew up to the door, he recognized his stepmother. Mary Anne came out, and they helped her to alight. Hyde, every atom of surprise he possessed showing itself in his countenance, flung wide the great door. She leaned on Cyril's arm, and walked slowly. Her cheeks were hollow, her black eyes were no longer fierce, but dim; her gown sat about her thin form in folds.

"My dears, I thought your father would have had the carriage waiting for me at Jutpoint."

"My dears!" from the once cold and haughty Lady Ellis! It was spoken in a meek, loving tone, too. Mary Anne glanced at Cyril.

"I am sure my father knew nothing of your intended arrival," spoke Cyril; "otherwise some of us would certainly have been at Jutpoint."

"I wrote to tell him; he ought to have had the letter this morning. I have been a little better lately, Cyril; not really better, I know that, but more capable of exertion; and I thought I should like to have a look at you all once again. I stayed two days in London for rest, and wrote yesterday."

She passed the large drawing-rooms, and turned of her own accord into the small comfortable apartment that was formerly the school-room, and now the sitting-room of Mary Anne. Cyril drew an easy-chair to the fire, and she sat down in it, letting her travelling wraps fall from her. Sinnett, who had come in not less amazed than Hyde, picked them up.

"You are surprised to see me, Sinnett."

"Well—yes, I am, my lady," returned Sinnett, who did not add that she was shocked also. "I am sorry to see you looking so poorly."

"I have come for a few days to say good-bye to you all. You can take my bonnet as well."

Sinnett went out with the things. It was found afterwards that the letter, which ought to have announced her arrival, was delayed by some error on the part of the local carrier. It was delivered in the evening.

As she sat there facing the light, the ravages disease was making showed themselves all too plainly in her wasted countenance. In frame she was a very skeleton, her hands were painfully thin, her black silk gown hung in folds on her shrunken bosom. Mary Anne put a warm foot-stool under her feet, and wrapped a shawl about her shoulders; Cyril brought a glass of wine, which she drank.

"I have to take a great deal of it now, five or six glasses a day, and all kinds of strengthening nourishment," she said.—"Thank you, Cyril. Sometimes I lie and think of those poor people whose case is similar to mine, and who cannot get it."

How strange the words sounded from her! Thinking for others! Miss Thornycroft, remembering her in the past, listened in a sort of amused incredulity, but a light as of some great gladness shone in the eyes of Cyril.

As he left the room to search for his father, who had gone out, Robert Hunter entered it. Seeing a stranger there, an apparent invalid, he was quitting it again hastily when Mary Anne arrested him.

"You need not go, Robert; it is my stepmother, Lady Ellis. Mr. Hunter."

At the first moment not a trace could he find of the handsome, haughty-faced woman who had beguiled him with her charms in the days gone by. Not a charm was left. She had left off using adjuncts, and her face was almost yellow; its roundness of contour had gone; the cheeks were hollow and wrinkled, the jaws angular. Only by the eyes, as they flashed for a moment into his with a sort of dismayed light, did he recognize her. Bowing coldly, he would have retreated, but she, recovering herself instantly, held out her hand.

"No wonder you have forgotten me; I am greatly changed."

Mary Anne Thornycroft looked on with astonishment. Had they ever met before?

"Yes," said Lady Ellis; "but he was mostly called Mr. Lake then."

A flush dyed Robert Hunter's brow.

"I threw off the name years ago, when I threw off other things," he said.

"What other things did you throw off?" quickly asked Mary Anne.

"Oh, many," was the careless answer; "frivolity and idleness, amidst them."

Perhaps he remembered that his manner and words, in the view of that wasted face and form, were needlessly ungracious, for his tone changed; he sat down, and said he was sorry to see her looking ill.

"I have been ill now for a long while; I must have been ill when I knew you," she said; "that is, the disease was within me, but I did not suspect it. Had I taken heed of the symptoms, slight though they were, and for that cause entirely unheeded, perhaps something might have been done for me; I don't know. As it is, I am slowly dying."

"I hope not," he said in his humanity.

"You cannot hope it, Mr. Hunter. Look at me!"

Very true. Had she been all the world to him—had his whole happiness depended on his keeping her in life, he could not have hoped it. With her wan face, and eyes glistening with that peculiar glaze that tells of coming death; with her thin frame and deep, quick breath, that seemed to heave the body of her gown as though a furnace-bellows were underneath, there could be no thought of escape from the portals that were opening for her. As she sat before him leaning in the chair, the shawl thrown back from her chest, Robert Hunter looked at her and knew it.

There ensued a silence. He did not answer, and Mary Anne was much wondering at this suddenly-discovered past intimacy, never spoken of by either to her, and resenting it after the manner of women. The fire flickered its blaze aloft; the twilight deepened; but it was not yet so dark but that the plateau was distinct, and also the figure of the preventive man at the edge, pacing it. Lady Ellis suddenly broke the stillness.

"Do the people believe in the ghost still, Mary Anne?"

"I suppose so. There has been no change that I know of."

"I meant—has anything been discovered?"

Mary Anne Thornycroft lifted her eyes.

"How do you mean, discovered? What is there to discover?"

"Not anything, I dare say," she said. "But it used to strike me as very singular—this superstitious belief in these enlightened times—and a feeling was always on my mind that something would occur to explain it away. Have you heard of it?" she asked, directing her eyes to Robert Hunter.

"Some what. There is a difficulty, I hear, in keeping the preventive men on the plateau after dusk. What it is they precisely fear, I do not know."

"Neither did I ever know," she observed, dreamily. "The curious part of it to me always was, that Mr. Thornycroft and his sons appeared to fear it."

Before Miss Thornycroft, who sat in silence, the subject was not pursued. Lady Ellis started a more open one, and inquired after Mrs. Chester.

"She is living in Paris," said Robert Hunter. "At least—she has been living there; but I am not sure that she is still. A few days ago I had a letter from her, in which she said she was about to change her residence to Brussels."

He did not add that the letter was one of Mrs. Chester's usual ones—complaining grievously of hard times, and the impossibility of "getting along." Somehow she seemed not to be able to do that anywhere. She had two hundred a year, and was always plunging into schemes to increase her income. They would turn out well at first, according to her report, promising nothing less than a speedy fortune; and then would come a downfall. In this recent letter, she had implored of Robert Hunter to "lend" her fifty pounds to set her going in Brussels, to which capital she was on the wing, with an excellent opportunity of establishing a first-class school. He sent the money, never expecting to see it again.

"Are her children with her?" questioned Lady Ellis.

"Only Fanny. The boys are at school in England. And Anna—you remember Anna?"

"I should think I do, poor girl. The slave of the whole house."

"Anna is here on a visit."

"*Here!*"

"I mean at Coastdown. She is staying with a Captain and Mrs. Copp, who are some slight relatives of hers."

"I have thought of Anna as teacher in a school. Mrs. Chester said she should place her in one."

"She is a teacher. This visit is only a temporary one, prolonged on account of Anna's health. She was with Miss Jupp."

With the last word, all the reminiscences, as connected with that lady's name and the past, rose up in the mind of Robert Hunter—of a certain Christmas-day, when Mary Jupp had brought some shame home to him: perhaps also to her of the faded face sitting opposite. It brought shame to him still; but, seeing that faded face, he was vexed to have inadvertently mentioned it.

"Mary Anne, I think I will go to my room. The fire must have burnt up now. No, don't come with me; I would be quiet for a little while."

As she got up from the chair, she staggered. Robert Hunter, who was crossing the room to open the door for her stopped and offered his arm. He could do no less in common pity: but the time had been when he registered a mental vow that never again should the arm of that woman rest within his.

"Thank you; just to the foot of the stairs. I have but little strength left, and the journey to-day has temporarily taken away that. Are you getting on well in your profession, Mr. Hunter?"

"Oh, yes. My prospects are very fair."

Sinnett happened to be in the hall; her mistress called to her, took her arm, and quitted that of Robert Hunter. He returned to Mary Anne, who was rather sulky still. What with the scene in the afternoon, with the unexpected and not over-welcome appearance of her step-mother, and with this mysterious acquaintanceship, about which nothing had been said to her, the young lady was not in so amiable a mood as usual.

"When did you know Lady Ellis?" she abruptly began after an interval of silence. "And where?"

"Some years ago; she was staying for a few months with my half-sister, Mrs. Chester, at Guild."

"At Guild; yes, I know; I saw her there when I went over with papa. But I was not aware that you were intimate there."

Robert Hunter had never spoken of that past time in any way to Mary Anne. It happened that Anna Chester had not.

"I went over to Guild sometimes. I was living at Katterley, seven miles off."

"Was that in your wife's time?"

"Yes."

"It is strange you never told me you knew my stepmother."

"It never occurred to me to tell you. Business matters have so entirely occupied my thoughts since, that those old days seem well-nigh blotted out of them."

"Were she and your wife great friends?"

"No. My wife did not like her."

Robert Hunter was standing at the window, looking out in the nearly faded twilight. He could not fail to perceive by the tone of her voice that Mary Anne was feeling displeased at something. But her better nature was returning to her, and she went and stood by him. He held out his arm, as he had done once or twice before when they were thus standing together: and she slipped her hand within it. The fire had burnt down to dullness, emitting scarcely any light: the preventive man could no longer be seen on the plateau.

"How dark it is getting, Robert!"

"Yes; but I think it will be a fine night. There's a star or two twinkling out."

Very, very conscious was each, as they stood there. In these silent moments, with the semi-darkness around, love, if it exists, must make itself felt. Love within, love around, love everywhere; the atmosphere teeming with it, the soul sick to trembling with its own bliss. It seemed to them that the beating of their own hearts was alone heard, and that too audibly. Thus they stood; how long it was hard to say. The room grew darker, the stars came out clearer. The softness of the hour was casting its spell on them both; never had love been so present and so powerful. In very desperation Mary Anne broke the silence, her tone sweet and low, her voice sunk to a half-whisper.

"Robert, how is it you have never spoken to me of your wife?"

"I did not know you would like it. And besides—"

"Besides what?"

"I have not cared to speak of her since her death. A feeling has been upon me that I never should speak of her again, except perhaps to one person."

"And that person?"

"My second wife. Should I be fortunate enough ever to marry one."

He turned involuntarily and looked at her. And then looked away again hastily. It might be dangerous just now. But that look, brief as it was, had shown him her glowing, downcast countenance.

"What was her name?"

"Clara. She was little more than a child—a gentle, loving child, unfit to encounter the blasts of the world. One, ruder than ordinary, struck her and carried her away."

"Did you love her very much?"

He paused, hesitated, and then turned to her again. "Am I to tell you, Mary Anne?"

"As you like," she whispered, the blushes deepening. "Of course not, if it be painful to you."

"I did not love her; taking the word in its truest extent. I thought I did, and it is only within a few months—yes, I may as well tell you all—that I have learnt my mistake."

Mary Anne Thornycroft glanced at him in surprise. "Only within a few months! How is that?"

"Because I have learnt to love another. To love—do you understand, Mary Anne?—to *love*. With my very heart and soul; with my best and entire being. Such love cannot come twice to any man, and it teaches him much. It has taught me, amidst other knowledge, that I liked my wife as one likes a dear child, but not otherwise."

Mary Anne Thornycroft's hand trembled as it lay upon his arm. In her bewilderment of feelings, in the tumultuous sensation born of this great love that was filling all her mind, she nearly lost command of her words, and spoke at random.

"But why should this be told only to your second wife?"

"Because I should wish to show her that my true love is hers; hers only in spite of my early marriage. The rest of the world it concerns not, and will never be spoken of to them."

"You assume confidently that you will feel this love for your second wife?"

"I shall if I marry her. *That* is by no means sure. Unless I marry *her*, the one to whom my love is given, I shall never marry at all."

Ah, where was the use of keeping up this farce? It was like children playing at bo-peep with the handkerchief over the face. The other is there, but we pretend to know it not. With their hearts wildly beating in unison—with her hand shaking visibly in its emotion—with the consciousness that concealment was no longer concealment but full and perfect knowledge, stood they. Mary Anne rejoined, her words more and more at random, her wits utterly gone a woolgathering.

"And why should you not marry her?"

"I am not in a position to ask for her of her father."

It was all over in a moment. Save that he turned suddenly to look at her, and laid his hand on hers as if to still its trembling, Mary Anne Thornycroft doubted ever after if she had not made the first movement. Only a moment, and her head was lying on his breast, his clasped arms were holding her there, their pulses were tingling with rapture, their lips clinging together in a long and ardent kiss.

"Dare I speak to you, Mary Anne?" he asked, hoarsely.

"You know you may."

"Oh, my love—my love! It is you I would, if possible, make my wife. None other. But I may not ask for you of Mr. Thornycroft. He would not deem my position justified it."

"I will wait for you, Robert."

Only by bending his head could he catch the low words. His cheek lay on hers; he strained her closer, if that were possible, to his beating heart.

"It may be for years!"

"Let it be years and years. I ask no better than to wait for you."

The stars shone out brighter in the sky; the fire in the room went quite down; and nothing more could be heard from those living in their new and pure dream, but snatches of the sweet refrain—

"My love, my love!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A LAST INTERVIEW.

The week went on to its close. Mary Anne Thornycroft, following out her own will and pleasure, despising her brother Cyril's warning, asked Robert Hunter to prolong his visit. He yielded so far as to defer his departure to the Sunday evening. Originally it had been fixed for the Saturday morning: business required his presence in London. Swayed by her, and by his own inclination—by his own love, he yielded to the tempting seduction of staying two further days. Alas, alas!

Peace had been established at the Red Court Farm; or, rather, the unpleasantness had been allowed to die away. Nothing further had come of the outbreak; it was not alluded to again in any way. Robert Hunter, meeting the superintendent, mentioned in a casual manner that he could not help him again in sounding the rocks, adding something about "want of time." It is probable that the surprise caused by the very unexpected arrival of Mr. Thornycroft's wife tended more than aught else to smooth matters. A stranger in our household keeps down angry tempers. Isaac and Cyril were courteous as ever; the justice was courteous also, though a little stiff: Richard sternly civil. Robert Hunter responded cordially, as if willing to do away with the impression left by his interference, and took things as he found them.

Not a word was said of the newly-avowed love. Any sort of concealment or dishonor was entirely against the nature of Mary Anne Thornycroft; but love was all-powerful. That Robert Hunter was not in a condition to propose for her yet, he knew; but if this project of going abroad were carried out, he thought he might speak before starting. And so they mutually decided to wait—at least, for a few weeks, or until that should be decided. But, though Mr. Thornycroft had not a suspicion of any attachment, the brothers were sharper sighted. They saw it clearly, and showed disapproval in accordance with their several dispositions. Richard resented it; Isaac told his sister she might do much better; Cyril said a word to her of concealment never bringing any good. It was rather singular that a dislike of Robert Hunter should exist in the breast of all three. Not one, save Richard, acknowledged it even to himself; not one could say whence or wherefore it arose, except perhaps that they had not taken cordially to him at first. And of course the outbreak did not tend to improve the feeling.

The arrival of Lady Ellis at the Red Court made no difference whatever to the routine of its daily life, since she was not well enough to come down and mix in it. The artificial excitement imparted by the journey was telling upon her now, and her available strength seemed to have gone. Not tracing this fact—the increased weakness—to its true source, she laid the blame on the atmosphere of Coastdown. It never had agreed with her, she said; she supposed it never would; and she already began to speak of getting back to Cheltenham. Not rising until nearly mid-day, she went afterwards into the dressing-room, or boudoir, adjoining her chamber—we saw her in it once in the old days—and there sat or lay for the rest of the day, watching the mysterious plateau and the sea beyond it, or reading between whiles. They went up and sat with her by turns—Mr. Thornycroft, Cyril, and Mary Anne; Isaac rarely, Richard never, except for a brief moment of civil inquiry. None of them remained with her long. It wearied her to converse, and she thought she was best with her maid, who was in part companion. Robert Hunter she neither saw nor asked after. And so the week came to an end.

Sunday—and the day of Mr. Hunter's departure. They attended church at St. Peter's in the morning, all except Mr. Thornycroft and Richard. The justice remained with his wife, and Richard was lax at the best of times in attendance on public worship. Mr. Richard spent the morning in a desultory manner at home, a short pipe in his mouth, and lounging about the stables with Hyde.

What Richard did with himself in the afternoon nobody knew; it was not usual to inquire into his movements; but the rest went over to Jutpoint to attend the church of St. Andrew's, where there was a famous afternoon preacher, whom they liked to hear. Anna Chester was with them. Captain Copp, confined to the house by a temporary indisposition, was indoors that day, and his wife remained in attendance on him; so that Anna appeared at church in the morning alone. The Red Court people took her home and kept her to luncheon; and she accompanied them afterwards to Jutpoint.

The omnibus conveyed them, and was to bring them home again. Never, when he could avoid it, did Mr. Thornycroft take out his own horses on Sunday: he chose that they and his servants should, so far, have rest. They had a large circle of acquaintances at Jutpoint, and on coming out of church the justice and Isaac laid hands on two, and conveyed them back to dinner. The strangers liked these impromptu invitations—possibly laid themselves out to get them, and the omnibus had a merry freight back to Coastdown.

"If they are going to have one of their dinner-gatherings to-night, you must come home and sit down to it with me, Anna," spoke Miss Thornycroft, as they quitted the omnibus at the Mermaid.

Anna was nothing loth. She had sat in the omnibus by Isaac's side, her hand in his, under cover of the closely-packed company and the approaching darkness, happy for the time. Hastily answering that she would be glad to come, but must run on first of all to the heath and tell Mrs. Copp, she sped away fast. Isaac, having waited until the others should disperse before he followed, overtook her just as she was entering.

Captain Copp, up now, sat by the fire, groaning, and drinking some strong tea. The captain was occasionally afflicted with an intense sick-headache, never a worse than that he had to-day. He always laid the blame on the weather; it was the heat, or it was the cold, or it was the frost, or the rain. Mrs. Copp agreed with him, but Sarah in the kitchen thought the cause lay in rum-and-water. The groans were suspended when they went in, and Mrs. Copp, dutifully waiting on him, put down the cup and saucer.

"Aunt, may I dine at the Red Court?"

Mrs. Copp made no answer. Whenever she saw Isaac and Anna together, she was taken with a fit of inward shivering. Captain Copp spoke up; his opinion was that Anna had better not. Isaac laughed.

"She must," he said; "I am come to run away with her. Otherwise Mary Anne will not sit down to the table with us."

"Is it a party?" cried the captain.

"Just two or three. My father has brought them over from Jutpoint; and I think Kyne is coming in. I was in hopes you could have come, captain."

Several dismal groans from Captain Copp. He said it was the pain in his head; in reality they sprung from pain at his heart. One of those glorious dinners at the Red Court, and he unable to be at it!

"Are you ready, Anna?" whispered Isaac.

She ran upstairs to get something she wanted in the shape of dress, and was down again in a minute, wishing them good-evening. Captain Copp, who did not altogether approve of the proceeding, called out that he should send Sarah for her at eight o'clock.

Taking her arm within his, Isaac walked on in silence. At the close of the heath, instead of continuing his way down by the side of the churchyard, he turned into it by the small side gate.

"Just a minute, Anna," he said, sitting down on the narrow bench. "I want to say a word to you."

But before he began to say the word he enclosed her face in his loving arms and took the kisses from it he had been longing for all the way from Jutpoint.

"What I want to say is this, Anna, that I do not think I can let the present state of things go on."

"No!"

"It is so unsatisfactory. My wife, and not my wife. I living at the Red Court, you secluded at Captain Copp's. Meeting once in a way in a formal manner, shaking hands and parting again. Nothing more. Why, I have only twice I think had you for a moment to myself since we parted, now and that evening at the Red Court. And what was *that?*—what is *this?* I can't stand it, Anna."

"But what would you do?"

"I don't know," answered Isaac, looking straight forward at the gravestones, as if they could tell him what. "I would brave my father's anger in a minute if it were not for—for—if I were sure nothing would come of it. But it might."

"In what way?"

"I may tell you some time; not now. If Captain Copp would but be reasonable, so that I might entrust him with the secret, and—"

"He would go straight off with it to Mr. Thornycroft, Isaac."

"Precisely," said Isaac, answering her interruption; "and the time has hardly arrived for that. Besides, the information must come from myself. Do you think—"

"Hush, Isaac!"

The softly-breathed warning silenced him. On the other side the hedge was a sound of footsteps—slow steps passing towards the heath. Isaac held her to him in perfect silence until they were lost in the distance.

"Let us go, Isaac."

It certainly would not be expedient to be seen there, and Isaac rose snatching as he did so his farewell kisses from her lips. Passing down the side path of the churchyard, they went out at its front entrance, and popped upon Mr. Kyne.

He was evidently coming from the heath. It might have been his footsteps they had heard going towards it. Mr. Kyne looked full at them, and Anna colored in the night's darkness to the very roots of her hair. To be caught at that hour stealing out of the churchyard with Isaac Thornycroft!

"Is it you, Mr. Supervisor?" cried Isaac, gayly. "A fine evening! Take care, Miss Chester: you had better take my arm."

"It's very fine," answered the supervisor; "the weather seems to have cleared up. I've been taking a stroll before my tea. We shall have a frost to-night, Miss Chester."

"Safe to," rejoined Isaac, looking up at the clear sky.

"How is my lady?" asked Mr. Kyne; "I heard she had come."

"She has only come to go again. Coastdown never seems to suit her. She is very unwell indeed, and keeps her room."

The churchyard past, Mr. Kyne, without any warning whatever, turned off on the cross path towards his home, saying good-night. Isaac looked after him in a sort of surprise.

"Then Richard *has* left it to me," he said, half aloud.

"Isaac! Isaac! what will Mr. Kyne think of me?" murmured Anna.

Isaac laughed. "The most he can think is that we are sweethearts," he answered in his light manner.

"Oh, Isaac, have you considered? If scandal should arise!"

"My darling, I have told you why that cannot be. At the first breath of it I should avow the truth. Scandal! how is it possible, when we are living here but as common acquaintances?"

At the gate of the Red Court he let her enter alone, and ran back in search of Mr. Kyne. That functionary lodged at a cottage just beyond the village, and Isaac found him poking up his small fire to make the little tin kettle boil, preparatory to making his tea.

"I have come to carry you off to dinner," said Isaac. "We have got a friend or two dropped in from Jutpoint, and the parson's coming. There's a brave codfish and turkey."

Weak tea and bread-and-butter at home in his poor small room; and the handsome dinner table, the light, the warmth, the social friends at Justice Thornycroft's. It was a wide contrast, making Mr. Kyne's mouth water. He had dined at one o'clock off a mutton chop, and was hungry again. Codfish and turkey!

"I'll come with pleasure, Mr. Isaac. I must just say a word to Puffer first, if there's time."

"All right; I'll go with you," said Isaac.

Mr. Puffer, the coastguard-man for the night, was on the plateau, speculating upon how long it would be before daylight was *quite* gone, for a streak or two of yellow lingered yet in the west, when he was surprised by the sight of his superior, and began to pace the edge zealously, his eyes critically peering out to sea. The supervisor approached alone.

"Any news, Puffer?"

"None, sir," answered Mr. Puffer, saluting his master. "All's quiet."

"Very good. Keep a sharp look-out. I shall be up here again at seven or eight o'clock."

He had taken to say this to his men of late, by way of keeping them to their duty: he had also taken to pop upon them at all kinds of unpromised times; and, between the cold and the superstition, his men wished him at Hanover.

The party sat down to dinner at six. Richard came in with Mr. Hopley, from Dartfield, who was wont to come over to buy oats; the parson of the parish, Mr. Southall, was there; the gentlemen from Jutpoint, and Mr. Kyne. A jolly parson, Mr. Southall, who enjoyed the good cheer of the Red Court Farm on Sunday just as much as he did on week days, and made no scruple over it.

The only two in strict evening dress were Robert Hunter and Cyril Thornycroft; but they wore black neckties. The rest were dressed well, as befitted the day, even Richard, but they did not wear dress coats. Anna was in a gleaming blue silk. It had been bought for her by Isaac, as had a great many other things during their brief period of married life; and poor Mrs. Copp had to invent no end of stories to the captain on their return to Coastdown, saying they were presents from her sick sister. Altogether there were twelve at table.

The housekeeping at the Red Court proved itself just as well prepared for these impromptu guests as it ever had been, save in the one memorable instance marked by the interference of Lady Ellis. After-circumstances caused the items of the bill of fare to be discussed out of doors, and, indeed, every other detail, great and small, of the eventful night. Mock-turtle soup, a fine codfish, a round of beef boiled, a large roast turkey and tongue, side dishes, a plum pudding, sweets and macaroni. All these were cooked and served in the best manner, with various vegetables, rich and plentiful sauces, strong ale, and the best of wines. Mr. Kyne thought of his solitary tea at home, and licked his lips.

On the withdrawal of the cloth, for Justice Thornycroft preserved that old-fashioned custom, and Mr. Southall had said grace, the young ladies retired. The gentlemen closed round the table to enjoy their wine. A merry party. By-and-by, spirits, cigars and pipes were introduced—the usual practice on these occasions at the Red Court. The only one who did not touch them was Cyril Thornycroft.

It had been Mr. Kyne's intention to retire at eight o'clock pre—cisely (he emphasized the word to himself) and go on the watch; or, at any rate, see that his subordinate was there. But the best of officers are but mortal; Mr. Kyne felt very jolly where he was; and, as common good sense whispered him, the smuggling lads were safe not to attempt any bother on a Sunday night; they would be jollifying for themselves. So the officer sat on, paying his respects to the brandy-and-water, and getting rather dizzy about the eyes.

Another who stayed longer than he ought; at least, longer than he had intended, was Robert Hunter. Seduced into taking a cigar—and never were such cigars smoked as Justice Thornycroft's—he sat on, and let the time slip by unheeded. On ordinary evenings the omnibus left Coastdown at half-past nine o'clock to convey passengers to the last train, that passed through Jutpoint at midnight. On Sunday nights the omnibus left at half-past eight, some dim notion swaying the minds of the authorities that the earlier hour implied a sort of respect to the day. The convenience of the passengers went for nothing; they had to wait at Jutpoint where and how they could. It had been Robert Hunter's intention to go by this omnibus, and it was only by seeing Isaac Thornycroft look at his watch that he remembered time was flying. He pulled out his own.

"By Jove, I've missed the omnibus," he whispered to Cyril, who sat next him. "It is half-past eight now."

"What shall you do?"

"Walk it. I must be in London for to-morrow morning."

Rising as he spoke, he quietly said farewell to Mr. Thornycroft, Richard, Isaac, and Mr. Kyne, and stole from the room, not to disturb the other guests, who were seated round the fire now in a cloud of tobacco smoke. Cyril went out with him. Miss Thornycroft and Anna were in the drawing-room drinking coffee. A cup was passed to Robert Hunter.

"What a sad thing—to have to walk to Jutpoint!" exclaimed Mary Anne.

He laughed at the words. "I shall enjoy it far more than I should the omnibus."

"Ah, I think you must have stayed on purpose, then. But what of the portmanteau?"

"It can come by train to-morrow, if one of your servants will take it to the Mermaid," was his answer. "My address is on it."

As he was speaking, Lady Ellis's maid came into the room and delivered him a small bit of twisted paper. Holding it to the light, he read the faintly-pencilled words.

"I hear you are leaving. Will you come up for a minute, that I may wish you well?"

"What is it?" asked Mary Anne.

"Lady Ellis wishes to say farewell to me," he answered. "I will go to her now."

The maid led the way, and showed him up to the small sitting-room. Lady Ellis was leaning back in her easy-chair, but she sat upright when he entered. Even more than before was he struck with the white, hollow, skeleton look of the face, on which death had so unmistakably set his seal; but the disorder had arrived at that stage now when each day made a perceptible change. The black eyes, once glistening so fiercely with their vain passions, lighted up with a faint pleasure.

"I am glad you came up: so glad! I thought you did not intend to see me at all."

He answered that he did not know she was well enough to be seen, speaking cordially. With that dying face and form before him, three-parts of his cherished enmity to the woman died out. Not his dislike of her.

"I would bid you farewell, Mr. Hunter, I would wish you—an' you will permit me—God-speed. The next time we meet, both of us will have entered on a different world from this."

"Thank you," he said, in allusion to the wish, "but are you sure nothing can be done for your recovery?"

"Nothing whatever. And the end cannot be very far off now. Mr. Thornycroft is going back with me to Cheltenham, and I am glad of it. I should like him to see the last of me."

She was looking at the fire as she spoke. He, standing at the opposite side of the mantelpiece, looked at her. What a change from the vain, worldly, selfish woman of the past! Raising her eyes suddenly, she caught his gaze, perhaps divined somewhat of his thoughts.

"You cannot think me to be the same, can you?"

"Scarcely." He glanced at the time-piece. At best, the interview was not pleasant to him, neither did he care to prolong it.

"You fear to lose the omnibus?"

"I have lost it. Your clock is slow. I am now about to start on foot to Jutpoint."

"Could they not send you in the dog-cart?"

"Thank you; I prefer to walk. The night is fine, and the road good. And I suppose I must be going."

She stood up as he moved, and held out her hand, her silk gown falling in folds from her shrunken form. He shook hands.

"God bless you; God prosper you here and hereafter!" she said, with some emotion.

He hardly knew what to answer. To express a wish for her continued life was so palpable a fallacy, with those signs of decay before him: so he murmured a word of thanks, and gave the thin hand a friendly pressure as he released it.

But she did not release his.

"It was not quite all I wished to say," she whispered, looking up to him with her sad eyes, in which stood a world of repentance. "I want to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness?"

"For the past. For your lost wife. But for me she might not have died. My long illness has brought reflection home to me, and—and repentance: as I suppose hopeless illness does to most people: showing me things in their true light; showing me the awful mistakes and sins the best and the worst of us alike commit. Say that you forgive me."

"Lady Ellis," he said, his countenance assuming a solemn aspect as he looked straight at her, "I have far more need of forgiveness myself than any other can have; I saw that at the time; I see it always. My wife was mine; it was my duty to cherish her, and I failed; no one else owed obligation to her. The chief blame lay with me."

"Say you forgive me! I know *she* has, looking down from Heaven."

"I do indeed. I forgive you with my whole heart—and I pray that we may, as you say, meet hereafter—all our mistakes and sins blotted out."

"I pray it always. Cyril knows I do. He was the first to lead me—oh, so kindly and imperceptibly!—to the remembrance that our sins needed blotting out. It was during a six weeks' visit he paid me with his sister. Few in this world are so good, and pure, and loving, as Cyril Thornycroft. Fare you well, Robert Hunter! fare you well for ever."

"For ever on earth," he added. Another pressure of the poor weak hand, a warm, earnest look, a faint thought of the Heaven that might be attained to yet, and Robert Hunter turned away, and woke up to the world again.

His cold coffee stood in the drawing-room when he got back. He sat a short while with the two young ladies, very quiet and absorbed. Cyril was not there. Mary Anne inquired what was the matter with him.

"That poor woman up-stairs," he briefly answered; "she seems so near to death—but I think she is prepared for it."

Mary Anne Thornycroft simply looked at him in reply; the manner and look were alike strange. Robert Hunter sipped the cold coffee by spoonfuls, evidently unconscious what it was he was doing.

"But I must be going!" he suddenly cried, starting up. "It would not do to miss the train as I have the omnibus. Good-bye, Anna; you will be coming back to Miss Jupp's, I suppose, when school begins?"

The vivid blush went for nothing. She, Mrs. Isaac Thornycroft, a school-teacher again!

"Good-bye, Robert," she softly said. "I wish you safe to Jutpoint—but I should not like your walk. Give my love to the Miss Jupps, if you see them, and to Mrs. Macpherson."

Mary Anne went out with him to the door. As they crossed the hall, sounds of talking came from the dining-room, and there was a sudden burst of laughter. Evidently the party were enjoying themselves. He took his remarkable coat from a peg and flung it over his arm.

"You must say good-bye to Cyril for me, Mary Anne."

"I will. But perhaps you will see him outside. Why don't you put your coat on?"

"Not yet; I am hot. By-and-by, when the air shall strike cool to me."

They stood just out-side the door, in the shade of the walls, and he wound his arms round her for a last embrace. *A last!*

"God bless you, Mary Anne!" he whispered; "the time will come, I trust, when we need not part."

She stood looking after him, the outline of his retreating form being very distinct in the bright night. The stars were clear and the air was frosty. Mary Anne Thornycroft watched him pass through the gate, and then saw that instead of going straight on, he turned short off to the waste land skirting the side of the plateau.

She wondered. It was the farthest way to the village, and moreover the private way of Mr. Thornycroft. Another moment and she saw him running up the plateau, having crossed the railings.

"Why, what in the world!—he must be dreaming," she mentally concluded. "Perhaps he wants to take a farewell view of the sea. He would see enough of it between here and Jutpoint."

However, Miss Thornycroft found it cold standing there, and went indoors, meeting Sinnett in the hall.

"Sinnett, Mr. Hunter's portmanteau must go by the early omnibus. See that it is sent to the Mermaid in time."

"Very well, Miss," replied Sinnett.

And it may be here mentioned that she obeyed the order by sending it that night.

Very shortly after Robert Hunter had left the dining-room, Richard and Isaac Thornycroft also withdrew from it, one by one, and unperceived. That is, the guests and the justice were too agreeably engaged with their pipes and drink, their talk and laughter, to pay heed to it. One of the gentlemen from Jutpoint—a magistrate—was relating a story that convulsed the parson with laughter, and sent the rest almost into fits. Altogether they were uncommonly jolly, and the lapse of one or two of the party counted for nothing. Mr. Kyne had nearly ceased to care whether his subordinate was on the watch, or off it.

As it happened, he was *on* it. With the promised visit of his superior before his eyes, Mr. Puffer had not dared to leave his post. He stood close to the bleak edge of the cold plateau, wishing himself anywhere else, and bemoaning the hard fate that had made him a coast-guardsman. Unpleasant thoughts of ghosts, and such like visitants, intruded into his thoughts now and then: he entirely disbelieved Mr. Kyne's theory that there were smugglers; and the only cheering ray in his solitude, was the sight of the cheery lights in the Red Court Farm. Tomlett, the fishing-boat master, who had recovered his accident, suddenly hailed him.

"Cold work, my man," said he, sauntering up the plateau.

"It just is that!" was Mr. Puffer's surly answer.

"But it's a bright night: never saw a brighter when there was no moon; so you run no danger of making a false step in the dark and pitching over. There's consolation in that."

"Ugh!" grunted the shivering officer, as if the fact afforded little consolation to him.

"What on earth's the use of your airing yourself here?" went on Tomlett. "You coastguard fellows have got the biggest swallows! As if any smugglers would attempt the coast to-night! My belief is—and I am pretty well used to the place, and have got eyes on all sides of me—that this suspicion of Master Kyne's is all moonshine and empty herring-barrels. I could nearly take my oath of it."

"So could I," said the man.

"Let us go on to the Mermaid, and have a glass," continued Mr. Tomlett, persuasively. "I'll stand it. Johnson and Simms, and a lot more, are there."

"I wish I dare," cried the aggravated Puffer. "But Kyne will be up presently."

"No he won't. He is round old Thornycroft's fire, in a cloud of smoke and drink. There's a dinner-party at the Red Court, and Kyne and the rest are half-seas over."

"Are you sure of this?"

"I'll swear it if you wish me; I have just come from there. I went down to try and get speech of the justice about that boat loss; it comes on at Jutpoint to-morrow, and he is to be on the bench. But it was no go; they are all fixed in that dining-room; and will be there till twelve o'clock to-night, and then they'll reel off to bed with their boots on."

Tomlett was not in the habit of deceiving the men; he showed himself their friend on all occasions; and Mr. Puffer yielded to the seduction. Seeing him comfortably settled at the Mermaid, with what he liked best steaming before him, and some good fellows around, Tomlett withdrew, leaving him to enjoy himself.

From the Mermaid, Tomlett steered his course to the Red Court Farm, tearing over the intervening ground as if he had been flying from a mad bull. He took the liberty of crossing the lawn before the front windows (the shortest way), and went round by the unused path at the far end of the house, which led to the stables and to the young men's apartments. Carefully pushing open the small door in the dead wall, he encountered Richard Thornycroft.

"It is all right, sir," he panted, out of breath with running: "I have got the fellow in. We must lose no time."

"Very well," whispered Richard. "Find Hyde, and come down."

"I suppose *he's* safe, sir?" said Mr. Tomlett, jerking his head in the supposed direction of the dining-room.

"Couldn't be safer," responded Richard. "He had enough wine before he began at the brandy."

Isaac Thornycroft came up, a lighted lantern under his coat. Scarcely could either of the brothers be recognized for those who had so recently quitted the dining-room; they wore small caps; gaiters were buttoned over their legs; their dinner coats were replaced by coarse ones of fustian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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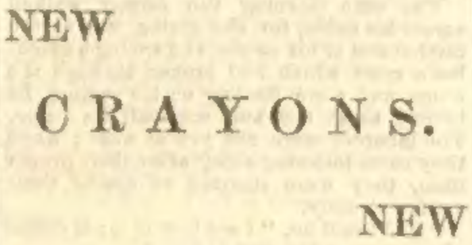


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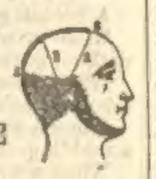

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A new star has appeared in the literary circles, called THE "ILLUMINATED WESTERN WORLD." Its illustrations are all printed in beautiful oil colors, from one to seven, at a single impression. In this feature alone THE "ILLUMINATED WESTERN WORLD" stands forth the foremost of the age. Aside from its magnificent illustrations, however, its columns will teem weekly with Fiction, Solid Prose, Charming Poetry and Glowing Romance. It is a fit companion of every dress—the magazine of every branch of literature—the champion of all noble industries—the support of the farmer, merchant, artisan, and the education of the masses. Send for specimen copies. Sold by all news dealers. Subscription, $3 per annum. Address THE WESTERN WORLD CO., Corner Park Place and College Place, P. O. Box 4929. New York.

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**$10** *Indispensable to every Household!* Perfectly wonderful! Everybody buys at first sight! Agents making fortunes! Illustrated circulars *free!* Address APEX S. M. Co., 208 Broadway N. Y.

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TO THE WORKING CLASS.—I am now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at their homes, the whole of the time, or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Fifty cents to $5 per evening, is easily earned by persons of either sex, and the boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. Great inducements are offered those who will devote their whole time to the business; and, that every person who sees this notice, may send me their address and test the business for themselves, I make the following unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied with the business, I will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing me. Full particulars, directions, &c., sent free. Sample sent by mail for 10 cts. Address E. C. ALLEN, Augusta, Me.

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**$3000 SALARY.** Address U. S. PIANO CO., N. Y.

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## Woolen Remnants

AT FACTORY PRICES.

☞ Samples and prices sent free. Address PAUL, the Remnant Man, Providence, R. I.

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**A Strange, Interesting Book,** for both sexes, over 300 illustrated and densely filled pages. Sent, closely sealed, on receipt of $1. Address DR. H. ALEXANDER, Detroit, Mich.

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A Complete List of Newspapers for the United States, Territories, and British Provinces; giving names, politics or general character, subscription price, circulation, editors and publishers names, population and location of places where issued, &c., &c.

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**A Pamphlet of 32 Pages,** containing a list of over 1,000 Newspapers, which are particularly recommended to advertisers, with estimates showing the cost of any advertisement, **sent free on receipt of stamp.**

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### The Irish Footman.

Lady H. was one of the most amiable, good creatures that ever existed, yet Lady H. did not like to acknowledge that she was no longer a young woman. She had arrived at that ticklish age for females, forty-two, when her complexion was no longer fresh as at twenty-five, and her hair suddenly began to show gray tints. She did not like those signs of precocious old age. To remedy the first, there were a thousand ways; but it took her some time to reflect how to hide the second.

At length she determined to have it dyed, very properly considering that a wig, or even false hair, is always detestable. So she sent for Mr. Donegan, a well-known hair-dyer, and, after learning that the process itself only lasted a single half-hour, and that the very following moment her locks would shine in all the resplendency of polished black jet, she determined, as she was engaged that evening to Hertford House, to make her appearance there in all the glory of renovated youth. She accordingly bid Mr. Donegan to come at eleven at night, when his entrance, his exit, and above all, his business, was least likely to be known or observed.

The evening came—the dyer of hair was anxiously expected by Lady H. Her toilet completed, her ladyship began to watch anxiously the dial of her dressing-room clock. But all in vain. Eleven struck, half-past eleven came, and no Mr. Donegan.

"Run down, Charlton," said Lady H. to her maid, "run down and ask Matthew if the hair-dresser has not yet come."

The appeal was made to Matthew Riley, the Irish footman, who stoutly averred that the *coiffeur* had *not* called.

"It is very odd," said her ladyship, when Charlton returned, "for I heard the bell ring twice. But never mind, he can't be long;" and she resumed reading her favorite study, "Rejected Addresses."

The bell again sounded, but without result; and poor Lady H. began to fear she would lose the pleasure of meeting the Prince Regent for that evening. The patience of a female has always a conclusion; so when the ring was repeated, she turned round, and desired her maid to run down, as she felt assured that no one but her hair-dresser could possibly call at such an hour.

Charlton went, and found Matthew in a towering passion.

"Is that the hair-dresser?"

"No, it's not," and he turned angrily away.

"Who was at the door?"

"Don't bother. The dirty blackguard!" and the footman turned away, muttering.

Charlton returned to her mistress, who, being anything but satisfied with the answer, again sent her down to know who it was that had been there.

Matthew looked very angry when the query was put to him, and began murmuring something to himself about "the rascal," and kicking and beating, and all sorts of ill-tempered threats.

"That's nothing to do with it," said his fellow-servant. "Who was it rang?"

"A blackguard."

"Who?"

"An impudent blackguard. By dad, if I had him in Ireland I'd *tache* him better."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know the thief of the world!"

"What did he want?"

"Want, is it?—want? Sure I'll be after telling ye, as ye're so curious, for it's myself asked him the question."

"Well, go on."

"Says I, 'What do you want at this hour, my fine lad?'

"'I'll tell your missus,' said he. 'Deuce a bit, 'till ye've tould me first.' 'My business is with the lady,' says he. 'It will keep warm till to-morrow, then,' says I; 'for deuce an inch you get in till I know what you want.' 'Can you keep a secret?' says he. 'Can a duck swim?' says I. Upon that, he came close to me, and says he, 'But arrah, you won't believe me.'

"'Indeed, I will.'

"'Well, then,' says he, '*I came to die here.*' 'Die here?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'And where would you wish to die?' says I. 'In your missus' room,' said he. So, with that, I slammed the door in his face."

"Indeed! Then you have done wrong," said Charlton, ready to die with laughing.

"By dad, he came back again, just now, and says he again, as pert as may be, 'Tell your missus I'm come *to die here.*'"

"Well, what did you say?"

"What did I say? Sure I said what every honest boy would."

"And what was that?"

"Be jabers," said I, "ye're a big blackguard and an ugly Christian; and if you die here, I'll be mistaken. Go somewhere else and die, you scamp of the world! Die here, indeed! So I gave him a push, and shut the door in his face, and by dad, I'm thinking he'll never come here again to die."

The mistake was too ludicrous. Even Lady H. laughed at it, although deprived that night of a pleasant—a royal rout.

### Could not Convict.

Bill P——, by force of brain and gift of gab, has come to be looked to as authority in the community of Black River Forks, out in Wisconsin. He is a cross between a lumberman, politician and lawyer, and was never lacking for a loophole through which to slip when ordinary men would have acknowledged themselves cornered. Bill had been called upon to defend a worthy citizen against an indictment for assault and battery upon a miserable vagabond, "contrary to the peace and dignity of the people of the state of Wisconsin." The evidence was conclusive, and Bill attempted not to justify or mitigate. There seemed no way to escape punishment; but when Bill came to address the jury he laid down this rule of law: "You can't convict this defendant unless the prosecution prove the entire allegation. Proving a part will not do. We *admit* the assault and battery, but *we deny* that it was contrary to the peace and dignity of the people of the state of Wisconsin, and *the prosecution has failed to show it.*"

The jury so held.

SENTIMENTAL AND INTERROGATIVE INDIVIDUAL.—"Watchman, what of the night?" Watchman—"Eh—what—better start right home, sir. You've taken a horn too much." Individual, perdstently—"But I say, watchman, what of the night? Don't you know anything of it? You've seen it, haven't you?" Watchman—Bother—go 'long. The What of It will be in the station-house, if you don't stop your yelling and start on." Individual walks off with an air of disgust and a gait of speed.

SEE THAT YOUR GARMENTS ARE MADE

WITH A LOCK-STITCH MACHINE.

STREET BOY (bursting with ecstacy).—"Your trowsies is a-comin' unsewed, sir!"

### Symptoms of Old Maidism.

A Scotch paper thus details them:

When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to read love-stories a bed—that's a symptom.

When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that she's refused many an offer—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to go to bed with her stockings and a flannel night-cap on—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one for all the world—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal times, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to be ashamed to take off her bonnet in a gentleman's company because she's no cap on—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that a servant lass has no business to have a sweetheart—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to rub her fingers over the chairs and tables to see if they are dusty—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to put her fingers before her mouth when she's talking to any one, for fear they should see she's losing her teeth—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to find fault with her looking-glass, and says it doesn't show the features right—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins talking about cold drafts, and stops up all the crevices of the doors and windows—that's a symptom.

But, what of it? Better be an old maid, than make a foolish or unloving marriage.

ARGUING WITH A WOMAN.—"You must admit, doctor," said a witty lady to a celebrated doctor of divinity, with whom she was arguing the question of the "equality of the sexes," "you must admit that woman was created before man!"

"Well, really, madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you to prove your case."

"That can be easily done, sir. Wasn't Eve the first maid?"

## An Escape from the Bastille.

Escape from the Bastille—unless connived at by the authorities—seemed impossible. Nevertheless, an escape from it was once made, and the narrative is one of the most marvellous on record. The name of the prisoner who had the courage to attempt it was Latude. The offence for which he was imprisoned was having attempted to obtain an appointment by representing to Madame Pompadour that a plot existed for taking her life; rather an odd way of effecting his wishes, but his calculation was, that by awakening her gratitude, he might succeed. His scheme was seen through; and to punish him, he was sent first to the prison at Vincennes, from which place he made his escape, and then to the Bastille. By observation, and by counting the number of steps that led from his chamber to the chapel, he satisfied himself that there must be a double floor. By means of two iron legs drawn from his table, and worked on the tiled floor until they had a flat edge resembling a chisel, he and a fellow-prisoner got up the tiles, and found that not only was there a double floor, but that the space was left empty. The next thing to be done was to make a cord, and to do this he was abundantly supplied with material; having at his disposal a good stock of linen, which he had been allowed to retain as not being contrary to the regulations of the prison. They began by drawing out the threads one by one, until they had sufficient to make a kind of ladder between fifty and sixty feet in length. By means of this ladder, they sustained themselves in the chimney, while they worked with the legs of the table at the iron bars which defended the exit of prisoners in that direction. This labor was frightful. The mortar had become so hard by time, that if they managed to clear it away to the depth of the eighth of an inch round one bar in the course of a night, they considered it a good night's work. To soften the mortar, they used to ascend with their mouths full of water, and spurt it into the hole, little by little, as they got on with their work. Had they been able to work freely, this would have been excessively toilsome: as it was, they had to work in such painful positions, that one hour at a time was the most they could endure, and their hands were so cut and bruised that they never descended from their labor without finding them covered with blood. Notwithstanding the torture it caused—of which Latude could never speak in after-years without a shudder—they persevered in their labor: and at the end of six months, during which they had steadily prosecuted it, they had succeeded in loosening the whole of the bars, and were at liberty to continue the manufacture of the rest of the articles they required.

First of these was the wooden ladder, to enable them to ascend from the moat to the parapet, and from thence to the governor's garden. As the prisoners had to supply themselves with fuel at their own expense, they had a stock of wood in their cell, which was sawed up in logs of about twenty inches in length. To cut these logs to suit their purpose, a saw was necessary; this he made out of an iron candlestick, by means of half of the steel belonging to the tinder-box, from which he had previously manufactured a knife. By the use of these tools, they worked their logs into a ladder, every part of which was marked in such a way that they could put it together in the dark. All these things were stowed away beneath the floor as they were completed, to await the night when the attempt at escape was to be made. But in addition to the wooden ladder, another had to be made of not less than eighty feet in length. The linen and silk articles were again resorted to, and the process of unravelling continued until, in course of time, they had worked the threads into rope capable of bearing the weight of man. This was intended to effect the descent from the top of the Bastille; but this was not enough. Knowing that this top projected over the wall too far to allow a man to steady himself in his descent by its means, and not knowing how long circumstances might require them to remain on the ladder, during which they would be swinging backward and forward, and spinning round like a joint of meat before a fire, they made another rope one hundred and sixty feet long, which they passed through two holes drilled through the ends of one of their logs. This rope would of course hang double, and by holding one in the right hand, and the other in the left, they were able to steady themselves in their descent. Other ropes were made for sundry purposes—the total length made by them being about four hundred and seventy yards in length. So much for the preparations, which were only a part of those required before the attempt to escape could be made.

Having fixed on a night to make the attempt to escape, Latude climbed the chimney, in doing which he underwent great pain from the grating off of the skin from his elbows and knees. He had carried up a cord with him, and by its means he drew up the different things they required to aid their escape, which were followed by his companion. Having reached the platform, they fastened the ladder to one of the guns, and Latude descended successfully, but with immense pain and difficulty. His companion then drew up the loose rope, and lowered their tools, after which he came down himself, Latude holding the bottom of the ladder, which made it comparatively easy. All this was done within hearing of the sound of the sentinel's footsteps as he marched to and fro. The moat they had descended into was filled with water to the height of their armpits, and had pieces of ice floating in it. As they had been obliged to give up the mode of escape they had planned in the first instance, the only other way was to wade through this water to the opposite side, and by means of their bars to make a hole through the wall. This wall was nearly five feet thick, and it took nine hours to make a hole large enough to squeeze through. Besides the labor this involved, every half hour they were obliged to dip their heads under water, to avoid the risk of being seen by the guard, the light of whose lantern fell upon the spot where they were at work every time the rounds were made. At length, after incredible exertions, they found themselves outside the wall and at liberty; but they had not gone far before they fell into an aqueduct, the water in which was about ten feet deep, and there was a great thickness of mud at the sides. With great difficulty they scrambled out, ran some distance, and then fell on their knees to offer up a thanksgiving for their escape.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of the Bastille that the builder of the two towers of which it was originally composed ended his days as a prisoner in one of them; the last governor, the unfortunate Launay, was murdered, as everybody knows, when the Bastille was taken by the populace in 1789.

☞ "You speak French wonderfully," said a Frenchman to a young snob who was airing his accomplishments before him. "You have not so least accent; I mean so least French accent."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Potatoes.

Some good may result from the potato fever. Those who pay fancy prices for new varieties will be likely to cultivate them well, and remember and record the methods they adopt, as well as the results. One thing seems to be settled already, viz.: that one or two eyes in a hill will yield more potatoes to the acre, and those of more uniform size and quality, than whole potatoes or six or eight eyes in a hill. The hills with one or two eyes may be placed nearer together, and thus the number of hills increased and the land more fully occupied. This approaches the old Irish method of cultivating potatoes in beds worked fine by the spade, and the sets planted in squares of about one foot. At harvest time the whole bed was filled with tubers. Another thing also seems to be decided by recent experience. Those varieties that make their growth before the summer drought are more certain to give satisfactory results, and to escape the attacks of disease.

The Early Rose, which sold last spring for three dollars a pound, is now offered for seventy-five cents. The reports respecting the quantity and quality of this variety are as various as were the soils upon which it was planted.—*New England Farmer.*

### Early Rising.

A young farmer found he was getting reduced in circumstances. He went to a friend to ask his advice. This friend, with a grave face, said, "I know of a charm that will cure that; take this little cup, and drink from it every morning of the water you must get at such a spring. But remember you must draw it yourself at five o'clock, or the charm will be broken."

The next morning the farmer walked across his fields, for the spring was at the farther end of his estate, and spying a neighbor's cows which had broken through the fence, and were feeding on his pasture, he turned them out and mended the fence. The laborers were not yet at work; when they came loitering along after their proper time, they were startled at seeing their master so early.

"Oh!" said he, "I see how it is; it comes of my not getting up in time."

This early rising soon became a pleasant habit; his walk and cup of water gave him an appetite for breakfast; and the people were, like him, early at work. He soon acknowledged that the advice his friend had given was as good as it was simple.

### Butter.

Butter of rich yellow color is sought in the market, and how to make yellow butter is a desirable art. Many dairymen change the natural color of their butter, especially in winter, by the use of various coloring substances, the most common and the best of which is the orange-carrot, grated fine, and its juice strained into the cream at the time of churning. This gives the butter a fine color, and a fresh, agreeable flavor, and is an improvement. A much better way, however, is to color and flavor it by the food given the cow, or by an infusion of Jersey-blood into the herd. Indian or linseed meal, roots, especially potatoes, and fine English hay, will make butter of fine color and flavor. The color of the butter of cows fed on old pastures, covered with the succulent natural grasses, is good.

### A Novel Method of Catching Mice.

A correspondent of the Journal of Pharmacy says:—"Having on several occasions noticed mice in our seed barrels, I bethought me of some method how I might trap the little intruders; they having gained entrance by eating through the chime. To kill them with a stick was impracticable, as the little fellows would invariably escape as soon as the lid was raised to any height. I then thought of saturating a piece of cotton with chloroform and throwing it in, then closing the lid. On raising it again in a few minutes, I would find that life had almost or quite departed. Having on one occasion left the piece of cotton in the barrel, on again returning, I found three mice with their heads in close contact with it, and dead. In the evening I saturated another piece, and placed it in the barrel, and on opening it the next morning, to my surprise I found nine dead mice."

### The Sweet Potato.

The New Orleans Picayune says that the sweet potato impoverishes the soil far less than grain crops, and is produced in far greater abundance. It yields from 15,000 to 20,000 pounds to the acre, while corn yields only from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds. The trouble has been that these potatoes could not be kept. A process of desiccation has been invented and put in practice, by which this potato is dried and preserved, so as to keep for any number of years, good, sweet and valuable as when green. All that will cause decay is gone. It can be packed in warehouses or sent abroad, or taken as ship stores or the like, with entire safety.

DOCTORING HORSES.—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker, after alluding to the difficulty of administering medicine to horses in the usual way, says he now holds up the horse's head and puts the neck of the bottle into one of his nostrils as far as he can, and the liquid will run down the horse's throat, without swallowing or effort, and without wasting a drop.

## RECEIPTS.

SWISS CAKE.—Take butter, flour, and sugar, of each the weight of four eggs. Beat the yolks with the sugar and some grated lemon-peel, or ten drops of essence of lemon, and one large teaspoonful of rose-water or orange-flower water, if preferred. Add the butter just melted, and slowly shake in the flour, beating it until well mixed. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, mix the whole together, and beat on for a few minutes after the whites are added. Butter a tin and bake the cake half an hour.

TO CURE WARTS.—Warts are very troublesome and disfiguring. The following is a perfect cure, even of the largest, without leaving any scar. It is a Frenchman's prescription, and has been tested by the writer: Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, and tie it on it, or, if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking plaster. It may be removed in the day, and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corns.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Metagram.

Fram'd of three feet I shape a mighty thing,
Though light and graceful in each swaying fling.
Expunge my first, another add, and see,
I roam the farm in fat and noisy glee.
Change now my second, and tho' very small,
I then become of wond'rous use to all.
Alter my last, and straightway I appear
Some treasur'd object to each household dear.

*Baltimore, Md.* EMILY.

### Scripture Enigma.

Where Baasha was laid within his grave.
What chamberlain to Esther kindness gave?
The rock where Judah's men to Samson spoke.
Where went a queen a prophet to invoke?
The place where Jacob wrestled with the Lord.
Whose murd'rers came to David for reward?
What chancellor to Artaxerxes wrote?
Whose name was framed deep sorrow to denote?
Who three and twenty years his office held?
Whose son joined Absalom when he rebelled?
Who to his servant gave his daughter's hand?
The Gileadite found refuge in what land?
What town the Israelites for Pharoah built?
What king a leper was through impious guilt?
One whom Sennacherib to Judah sent.
The well beside which Gideon pitched his tent.

### Problem.

A man owns 18,000 dollars, which he divided into two parts, and placed them at interest in such a manner that the incomes from them were equal. But if he had put out the first portion at the same rate as the second, he would have drawn for this part 360 dollars interest; and if he had placed the second out at the same rate as the first, he would have drawn for it 490 dollars interest. What were the two rates of interest?

W. H. MORROW.

*Irwin Station, Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

Three towns, A, B and C, are situated in the form of a triangle. From A to B it is 34 miles, from A to C 42, and from B to C 30. A person travelling from B to C must call at D, a town in a direct line between A and C. If he travels from B to D at the rate of 4 miles an hour, and from D to C at the rate of 3 miles an hour, and the whole time occupied in performing the journey is 18 hours, how far is it from B to D, also from D to C? E. P. NORTON.

*Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

How many acres in that square field which requires only one rod of fence to enclose an acre? FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

*Bryan, Ohio.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ What watering places are open during the winter months? Ans.—The mouths of milk-cans.

☞ Why do the whales visit the Arctic seas? Ans.—For the purpose of supplying oil to the northern lights.

☞ Why are curds like the opposite house? Ans.—Because they are over the whey?

☞ When is the book of nature studied? Ans.—When autumn turns the leaves and they are red.

☞ What bird resembles a plaything in the air? Why, a kite flying.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. ENIGMA—Kaskaskia. CHARADE—Ring-dove (ring-dove.)

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Feb. 20th—Wheat $5, Rye $2½—W. H. Morrow, F. M. Grimes, J. N. Soders, S. S. Knox, W. Harrett, J. S. Phebus, M. Y. Leech, W. H. Coleman, B. P., F. D. S. Knowles, E. P. Norton, W. Griffith, E. F. Taylor, W. Hoover and J. Scott.

Answer to Augustus's PROBLEM of same date—The poplar tree stands 425 perches from the south-eastern corner, and 663 perches from the north-eastern corner; and, I may add, 340 perches from the south-western corner, and 512 perches from the north-western corner—D. Diefenbach, J. Campbell, C. E. Miller, D. M., C. J., E. P. Norton, B. P., J. S. Phebus, J. N. Soders, F. M. Grimes.

TO BOIL MACKEREL.—Clean the mackerel and dry them carefully with a clean cloth; rub them slightly over with a little vinegar, and lay them straight on the fish-plate, for on turning them they are frequently broken. Put a little salt in the water, and when it boils, place carefully the fish into the pan, and boil them gently for a quarter of an hour. Take them up and strain them well; put the water that runs from them into a saucepan, with a tablespoonful of walnut catsup, the same quantity of browning, two anchovies, and a slice of lemon; boil all these ingredients together for a quarter of an hour, and then strain them through a hair sieve, and thicken with a little flour and butter. Serve in a sauce-boat with parsley sauce in another; dish up the fish with their tails in the centre of the dish; garnish with scraped horseradish, sprigs of parsley, and barberries, if at hand.

TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD.—Take the fine dust of tea and bind it close to the wound—at all times accessible and easy to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind, and running for a surgeon, who probably would make no better prescription if he were present.

CURE FOR FELON.—Among our exchanges, we notice the following simple method of curing a pest which has been very annoying to the human family for centuries: "When you first feel the stinging or thumping sensation, procure a small piece of fly-blister, placing it directly over the spot, and let it remain for about eight hours; then remove the same, and you will see the felon, or matter, under the surface of the skin, and which you can remove by pricking with the point of a needle." This is said to be a sure remedy.